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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

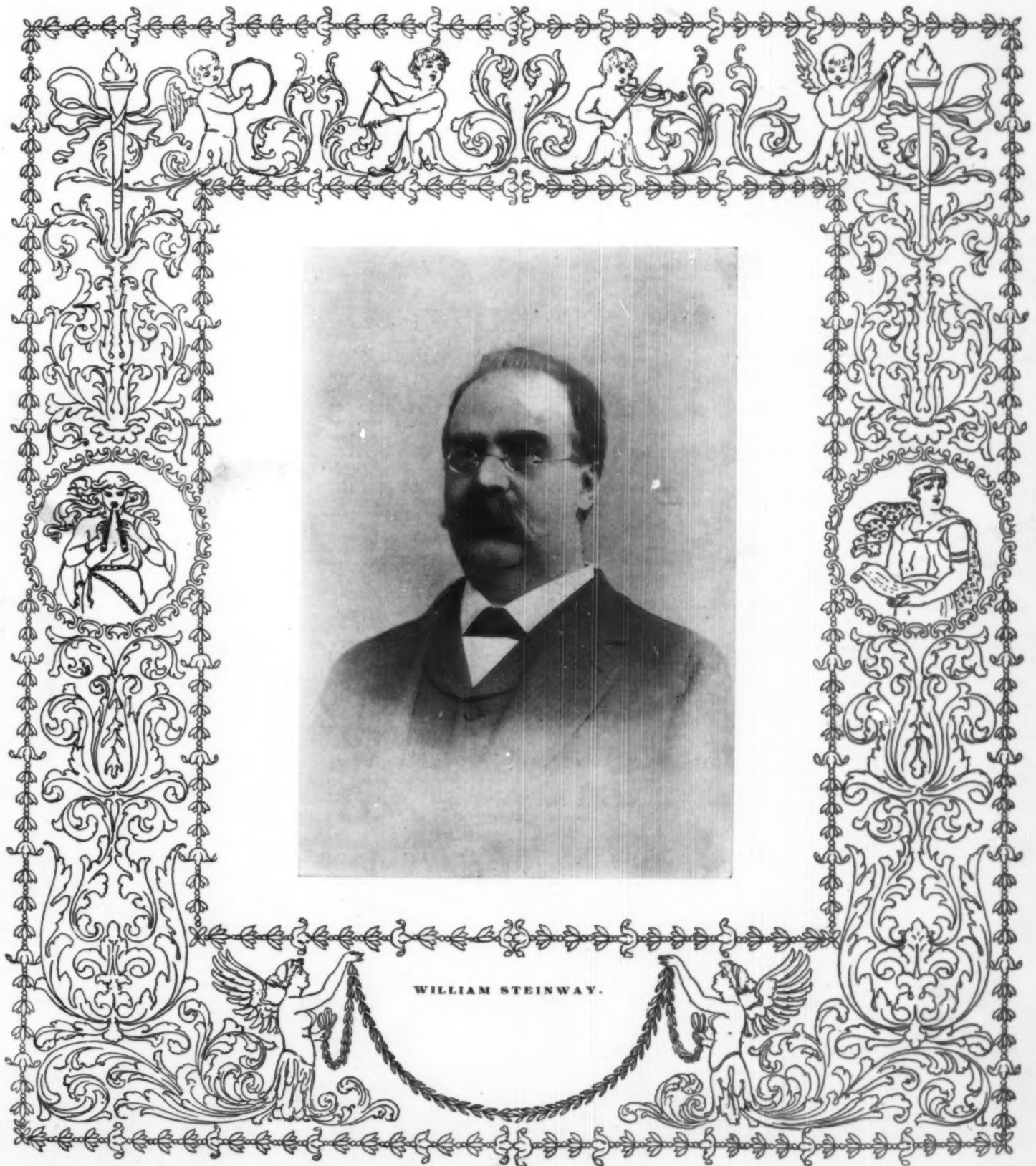
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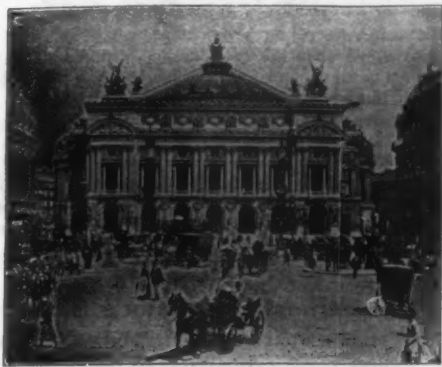
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THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES,  
PARIS, June 21, 1896.

NOTICE.—Musical news, discussion and suggestion invited.

The first does not mean press notices; the second does not mean trying to prove somebody all wrong, self all right; the more practical the last is the better.

Single copies of the paper may be found, or ordered, at Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opéra; Galignani's, 224 Rue Rivoli; The Celtic, 37 Rue Marbeuf, and 8 Clément-Marot, Paris.

METTES.

**M.** ALEXANDRE GUILMANT is never idle; neither is his activity ever sensational. You may count on the product of his labor as being ever in the line of the solid, the true, the classic. Nor does this mean unadorned work, either, as the "line of beauty" is strongly marked in his honest nature, and his musical genius is by no means puritanical. He will not have clap-trap, nor negligence, nor crookedness, nor superficiality, that is all, and it is the absence of these things really that makes the line of beauty after all.

His last musical task has been the harmonizing into their original integrity the five masses in plain chant by Dumont, the classic choir master of the court of Louis XIV., whose peculiar life work and death were sketched in these columns some two years ago.

At that time M. Joseph Audran, the eminent organist of St. François de Sales, a man full of integrity, erudition, and ardor for ecclesiastical music, was writing a series of articles in the *Monde Musical* exposing the mutilations and misinterpretations of these very masses, the originals of which were treasures of his library.

Fresh from the land of dollars and commercial interests at the time, I remember the species of fascinated astonishment with which I regarded this good man, as, with tears in his eyes and a warm tremble in his voice, he traced with rapid finger the "vile and hideous mutilations," and spoke of them with the pained indignation one might expect in speaking of a daughter traduced or son vilified.

To understand what it means to bring these works into modern shape, let alone to "restore" them, one has to see the original notation, which looks more like a page of modern stenography in colored crayons than music. Art instinct alone, pure and simple, could make such labor possible, no money could buy it; and here is just the place to find that thing.

In his preface M. Guilmant asserts boldly that the same care should be taken in treating the Dumont masses as one would show the works of Bach or Lulli; and he has put into the work the care and courage and persistence which characterize all his work. He merits not only the congratulation of musical friends for the personal effort, but the gratitude of all true musicians for the influence infused into latter-day research by this dominant chord of rectitude and good taste.

It is known that M. Guilmant is president of the Schola Cantorum, a society organized expressly here for the propagation and purification of classic music. His efforts in this task can only be appreciated by those who are near him.

He is ably seconded, however, by the best musical sentiment in France and by the disinterested effort of congenial spirits.

Noticeable among the latter is M. Chas. Bordes, a young man of invincible musical asceticism. Notice has regularly been given here of this young Frenchman's efforts, from the little stony cell-studio of St. Gervais, where he is the musical leader, to the luxurious salons of the best Parisian society, where his work has already found recognition.

His most recent effort has been the giving for the first time in Paris in the Salle Erard of an interesting oratorio, *La Fille de Jephthé*, painted in all its touching pathos by Giacomo Carissimi, styled by some the father of oratorio. The old-time means of expressing sincere emotion by simplicity, as opposed to the modern method of expressing

insincere emotion by complexity, is well sustained in the work. The deep interest with which it was followed indicates that attractiveness may also be united. The rôles of the unfortunate young victim, the despairing oath-bound father, the choruses of warriors and recitatives, were in the hands of able operatic artists.

Other features of the séance were a *Salve Regina* by the Prince de Polignac, another devoted apostle of this type; a nuptial motive arranged by the Count Vincent d'Indy; Palestrina madrigals, songs of the fifteenth century, an air from the *Prise de Troie* and one from *The Messiah*.

M. Bordes intends giving the *Passion Music* later on. The Chanteurs de St. Gervais are like notes in his hands. All the early part of their work was indeed a labor of love, when material aid was a minus quantity, and God only knows how the poor fellows hung together.

An organist, composer and teacher who would be better known in this big noisy world were he not so frightfully timid and modest is M. Henri Deshayes, organist of the Church of the Annunciation here. Several of his late pieces for organ have recently been announced in *THE MUSICAL COURIER* and the copyright offered for sale. He is in correspondence with American parties as to its purchase, and it is to be hoped he will be better known in America in the future.

This week a very charming concert was given by M. Deshayes to show the work of his pupils. The music chosen for the occasion was of the best of ancient and modern schools, and the young people did music and their professor credit.

Among the executants was a daughter of M. Deshayes, Mlle. Marguerite, who is already a very creditable player on the cello under the care of M. Hourdequin, and on the piano taught by her father. She promises a really valuable artistic future.

A Mlle. Louise de la Gressière also attracted much applause by her excellent style of singing in mezzo soprano. I hope to hear often from the quiet studio of M. Deshayes as well as from his composer's pen.

I learn with pleasure that Mr. Eugene Lacroix, composer and organist of the Lamoureux concerts, has been made organist of the grand organ at the Church St. Merry, an organ bench heretofore occupied by Couperin, Chauvet and Saint-Saëns. Congratulations.

The Schola Cantorum, by the way, opened a competition for the composition of a motet. The first prize was won by an Abbé Boyer, of Bergerac. A new competition has been opened for "organ verses" on the hymn Ave Maris Stella, manuscript to be handed in by July 15.

A very large audience of musicians and society people attended the last concert of the Gigout Organ School, consecrated wholly to Saint-Saëns' compositions. The master assisted; Mme. Viardot, Mlle. Théophile Gautier, Arthur Coquard, Ch. Lefebvre, Guy Ropartz, General Parmentier, and hosts of titled people listened. M. Böllmann, organist of St. Vincent de Paul, and Mme. Böllmann shared the honors of the occasion.

A curious case has come up apropos of choirs in Paris. When rich people die here, rich friends—some of whom, like rich friends elsewhere on the earth, being more given to show off than to artistic effects—have a habit of inviting and paying big vocal stars to sing during the morning service. Priest and modest choirmaster are alike thrown into disarray by this interpolation of worldly wisdom, and decided to refuse admission to the vocal comets. So the Cardinal Archbishop has been appealed to and decision is pending.

#### OPÉRA.

An American lady who has seen all the *Hamlets* from Fechter to Miln declares that she has never seen one who came so near to her Shakespearian ideal as Renault, of the Opéra here. He is young, graceful and romantically sensitive, rather than insanely moody and melancholy. He is a refined and beautiful souled son of his father, who is disgusted with his mother's pranks, and has to fight his way through a conventional respect for that relation before daring to tell her what he thinks of her and the old man. He is a nice boy, who loses his mother, of course, as well as his father, in the operation, and feels it. Naturally he has no time nor inclination for *Ophelias* with a strain like that on his feelings. He is not the only one fixed that way either. And that is just why Shakespeare is immortal.

Well, Renault expresses all that admirably, and sings it in character.

Mlle. Breval—*Brünnhilde*—takes the part of *Ophelia* left vacant—vacant is good—by Melba's departure for London.

Mme. Nordica is a radiant and amiable bride staying at a hotel with her husband, who, by the way, is an intelligent and charming as well as musical man. Miss Fannie Reed gives them a grand dinner to-night.

A sentence of each, of a year ago, comes to mind. In speaking of foreign students in Paris he remarked: "Vocal music has become an *industry* in Paris!" She, on being asked if marriage would interfere with her stage career, said simply: "Why should it?"

Nikita gave a charming farewell party to her friends this week before leaving for a tour in Germany. She sang and entertained divinely, and many interesting people were present.

Lecocq has left Paris for the baths. He, too, has had a little tiff with the law, the result of some parenthetical "phrasing" in process of placing a débutante and an operette at the same time and place. Somebody is mistaken, that's all.

Orphée runs to the close of the house on the 30th. Mr. Grau is here, and half the town is ready to swear by him and to sail with him. M. Carvalho has engaged four new persons this month; none of them American, I notice.

Mlle. Marcelli Pregi left for London to-day, simply to visit, see the town and the people, and incidentally of course the prospects. If any vocalist would have prospects she ought to have. She is one of the very few who refused to go to America this year! She was accompanied to the train by a beautiful young woman, herself a very fine singer, whom the piquante Pregi points to proudly as "my best pupil, Mme. Henri Willemetz."

The papers and public are full of praise for the admirable personation of *Corentin* in the *Pardon de Ploërmel* by M. Emile Bertin, the well-known teacher, who has been coaxed back from his professorship to play the difficult rôle. It is to be hoped that he has only lent himself to the occasion.

He is obliged to continue his teaching just the same, and is busy coaching the pupils of Miss Nora Maynard Green, of New York, who is over here installed with eight charming American girls, to whom she is going to give the benefit of Paris air, scene and art atmosphere for a couple of months.

You would think she was one of the established Parisian teachers by the coolness, collectedness and ease with which she is carrying out what would break the head, the pocketbook, and disturb all the living relatives of any four ordinary women. She has rented a fine apartment in the Champs-Élysées quarter, where her cousin from St. Louis has an adjoining one, with her two musical children, is accompanied by mother and sister, has seven pianos at work, two accompanists, and soloists and halls engaged for a musical to be given this week. Many important people have already promised their presence at the interesting affair. Bertin is coaching the class in acting and the Yersins in French diction. Although it is probably too short a time in which to show improvement in new lines, the old ones are so good that a musical success is already assured. More later on.

Mme. Artôt de Padilla's salons were crowded as usual this week, the occasion of her last soirée of the season. M. Gailhard, of the Paris Opéra, and Mr. Mapleson, the London manager, were among the number; so the girls could not complain of having no chance. Mlle. Jane Harding, a remarkable coming star, sang a Hamlet air. M. de Padilla sang an ancient Italian air in his inimitable style. Artists from the Opéra assisted. M. Dubois, Mme. Ferrari, M. Riva-Berni and Mme. Artôt were the choice accompanists, and a lot of nice American girls, among other pupils, showed what they could do.

Miss Potts (Mlle. D'Egremont), the privileged young singer who has been promised an Opéra début as soon as she is ready for it; Miss Florida, of California; Miss Ethel Read, of Montreal; Miss Helen Gardner, of Chicago, were of the number who had brilliant and flattering successes. Mr. Bristol, the professor of Miss Potts-D'Egremont in New York, was present and was highly delighted at the progress made by his ex-élève.

These concerts are always among the most interesting in the city, where Mme. Artôt enjoys an enviable reputation as woman, artist and professor.

At Madame Ferrari's last charity concert were present many interesting personages, socially as well as artistically: S. A. R. Madame la Comtesse d'Eu and suite, Princesse de Cystrie, Princesse de Radzivil, Duchesse de Gadagne, Marquise de Saint-Paul, Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, Marquise de Dufferin and Ava, Comtesse Tourneilli, the Italian Ambassador, Princesse de Caramann, Princesse de Brancovan, Princesse de Bibesco, Comtesse Marie de Munster, daughter of the German Ambassador, and many other distinguished persons.

Many songs of the charming hostess, with Schumann, Schubert, Wagner, and Bourgaud-Ducoudray, were sung, and Wagner, Liszt, Chopin and Franck were heard instrumentally.

Mme. Ferrari leaves this evening for Vichy, where rehearsals of her new opera commence at once.

Mlle. Augusta Holmès had a musical festival this week at Rouen. Many of her works were given amidst great applause.

Mme. Marie Roze's final concert was likewise a brilliant affair. M. Rivière, the new incumbent of the Opéra Comique, is the star here, and Mlle. Amaury and MacKay again brought credit upon their professor, while artists made the séance purely artistic. Mme. Roze herself favored the audience at earnest requests, and Mr. Holman-Black, always artistic and refined, was one of the fêted foreigners. He sang De Granier's Hosanna. Gounod's Ave



Maria was Mme. Roze's selection. Mrs. Cyril D. Edwards was also a great success.

This earnest musician and agreeable woman leaves Paris for her country repose on Tuesday, returning on Thursdays to meet her friends.

Mr. Joseph Pizzarello, concert pianist and teacher of the National Conservatory of Music in New York, passed through Paris this week en route for Nice, where his family resides. In passing he was caught for a concert of his friend and confrère, M. Th. Manoury, a singing teacher here, at which he played a solo. Mr. Pizzarello is a pupil of Marmontel on the piano. He seems to be a man of taste, feeling, large, generous heart toward musicians and others, and has certainly made a success of his venture in going to America. He returns in September to continue his work there, stopping off on the way to conduct the music of a summer school with which he is connected.

As soloist, accompanist and musician of progressive artistic views, Mr. Pizzarello deserves all he gets, and is creating an excellent impression of himself both in America and France.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones, organist of the Wall Street Methodist Church of Brookville, Ont., was in Paris this week.

Miss Butt, the London contralto, has returned to England, where she will prepare for The Elijah concert at the Crystal Palace on the 27th. Being under bonds not to sing in public, Paris was denied the privilege of hearing her sing. She prevailed on Miss Willy Sandmeyer, her friend, to return to London with her. Miss Sandmeyer is an earnest Marchesi pupil and débutante.

Miss Mildred Mead, of New York, and Miss Read, of Ontario, both pupils of Mme. Artôt, leave for England in the morning. Messrs. Devolle and Lavin are back in Paris. Mr. Whitehill is improving wonderfully under M. Geraudet. He has a bass chantant voice of power and vibration and a growing compass from F to G. He is in Geraudets' acting class three times a week and is losing much of the reserved timidity that makes acting impossible to all well brought up Americans. He is a tall, stalwart, handsome fellow, with indications of a successful future.

M. Jacobowski and wife are here, he busy composing (something for Francis Wilson among other things), she studying for grand opera with Trabadelo. Both are happy and looking well.

Their two charming little boys are in school at Versailles, and already speak French like natives.

Miss Edith Miller, of Canada, is going home. Miss Titus and Miss Ruby Smith have gone. Mrs. Methot, of Chicago, who studied here last year, is to be married in Chicago to a very rich man, the girls say. If she loves him well with it, congratulations.

Miss Phoebe Ara Reid, of Minneapolis, who has been visiting in Paris and Italy, has returned to London to continue her studies with Randegger, of whose teaching she is enthusiastic. She is also pupil of M. Blume, I believe. She is doing well, happy and content with her work, and is a sweet, sensible girl as well. She is an intimate friend of the Yaw-Brantnobar circle, of whom she speaks most affectionately.

Mrs. Brantnobar and her little niece, Agnes, who is to commence piano study here, are staying in Paris in an apartment next door to the home of Christine Nilsson.

M. Bouhy has gone to Spa, taking many pupils with him.

Madame Ziska, Marie Barnard's teacher, is busy and good-natured as ever. This teacher, who is American and Italian, has many practical thoughts united with artistic ones. She makes a specialty of oratorio, and for this has a special course in declamation. Of this declamation she makes a strong point both in Italian and English with a view to an American career. Mrs. Barnard says she is the best teacher for her, which is all any pupil can say.

She has accommodations for four pupils in her home, where they would have the advantage of Italian and French all the time, as well as strict care and protection. She has a nice country home also at Plateau d'Avron.

Mr. Howard Jaffray has gone on a vacation with his uncle through England, Norway, Sweden, &c. Mr. Jaffray has a voice of unusually beautiful timbre, and musical gifts of ear and thought beyond the average. He has made great progress in France. Handsome and sweet mannered, he makes friends wherever he goes. He returns in the fall to continue his studies with Della Sedie. He was pupil of M. Albert G. Thiers in America.

Mrs. Gerard-Thiers goes to America in July. She too has made wonderful progress in many ways.

Mr. Whitehead, of Boston, is a pupil of Sbriglia. Miss Fannie Michelson (Francisca), of San Francisco, has a voice more like Melba's than any singer in Paris.

#### PARIS.

Mr. Louis Gregh, the publisher, is busy examining the work offered for his consideration by Weinbergers, of Vienna, with a view to the extension of German, Austrian and Scandinavian music in France and Belgium. The enterprise is a big one, involving some million francs. The treaty is concluded and the works of the masters are

flying back and forth daily. M. Gregh, who has exceptional facilities for "exploitation," is happy in the work. All the music will bear his name as editor. The actual work commences in October.

Meantime the publisher has had a charming ballet accepted in Italy and all the Italian papers are warm with its eulogies. He writes much and manages to teach a few people to sing besides. His publishing house is within a few doors of Faure, the baritone, on Boulevard Haussmann.

It is with real regret that the death is announced of M. Dannhauser, professor of solfège at the Conservatoire and musical inspector of the public schools of Paris till the past year. A pupil of the Conservatoire, of Reber, Halévy, Bazin, &c., he was author of many works on musical education and other compositions more or less known.

It was through the genial and sympathetic intervention of this M. Dannhauser that THE MUSICAL COURIER was enabled two years ago to publish the detailed account of music in the public schools of Paris, examinations, teachers, and so forth. He spared no effort to make the work of research as agreeable as it was valuable.

Three interesting Frenchwomen have passed away within the month also—the mother of M. Roujon, the director of the Beaux Arts, Paris; the mother of M. Arthur Pougin, one of the ablest music critics here, and the sister of M. Pugno, the pianist.

That festival given by M. Colonne to aid an afflicted artist's family, spoken of last week, amounted to almost 9,000 francs!

A piano made in 1830 was one of the articles broken into by the assassin of the Baroness de Valley here. It seems she used it as a sort of secret hiding place for jewels, &c.

This is possible, and I remember my astonishment one time when visiting M. Manson, choirmaster of La Madeleine, a passionate relic hunter, to see him go and unlock an old clavecin in his museum and haul therefrom the parchment appointments of his father as officer to Napoleon, and other precious objects of the time. He had had them locked in there for years and said there was no better place.

That poor old baroness, by the way, was born in 1814 and the murder was committed on the 18th. She was an accomplished musician of the Empire days; and think of her keeping that poor old piano all this time! Poor old soul! M. Souchon, director of the Society of Authors, Editors and Composers, here, is named as one of her heirs. Hope he is if it will bring him any good.

A recherché social event this week was a reception tendered to the Princesse de Metternich, also a grand dame of her time, they say. The princesse, it seems, has always been a great protector of music, and remains even now interested. She has a great predilection for Smetana, and is planning to have his works introduced into France, and perhaps La Fiancée vendue into the Opéra Comique this winter. Among the musicians at this fête were Mme. Austin Lee, Mme. Kinen, Augusta Holmès, MM. Dubois, Massenet and Salvayre.

M. Delle Sedie gave a charming treat to some of his pupils this week by inviting them to lunch at his country home near St. Germain. Among the privileged guests were Mrs. Gerard-Thiers, Mrs. Dr. Edwards, of Boston; Miss Potts-d'Egremont, Mr. Bristol, of New York; his sister, Mrs. Buckingham; his daughter, and George Devolle. Mr. Jaffray, invited also, had already started for London, to the regret of the circle.

The home is an ideal one and the master a host of taste and heart. The day was made for the fête and is one not soon to be forgotten. A short distance from the house is the little chapel where his wife is interred and where he visits every morning before returning to the city. It is fitted up as a regular little church, with flowers and lights the year round. His caretaker and confidant is the man who was his valet in the opera days. Delle Sedie's friends are good ones.

A woman has left a legacy of 10,000 francs to the Conservatoire for the benefit of girl piano students who receive second prize.

A novelty in the Conservatoire competitions this year will be that of alto, which instrument has recently been added to the course, and will have place between contrabass and violoncello.

M. Gailhard has gone to England seeking light (the Free Mason's business, I believe) on illumination, a step necessitated by the chandelier incident.

Mme. Roger Miclos has had another triumphal success in the Concerts symphoniques at Geneva, where she played a concerto of Beethoven and Africa of Saint-Saëns. She had rapturous applause and was obliged to add two numbers to the program.

Two auditions of Tchaikowsky's Onegin, organized by the Countess of Pethion, have been given here with conference; interpretation by the best artists.

Marriage this week of the interesting daughter of M. Ed. Colonne to M. Henri Neumann.

The Prince Roland Bonaparte is a book lover. In his superb home on Avenue d'Iéna are 1,800,000 volumes! The library is clear, light as day and is protected by an empty

chamber, with fire extinguishing apparatus directly underneath.

Races and everything here without a band or a note of music! Even when the President, his wife and daughter sweep on to the grounds with coach and four and outrider. Nothing but genteel gentleness everywhere.

Not a sound of music, not a band anywhere here. I get perfectly starved for that class of music. I do for music anyway here. It seems as if there was so very little of it. Such loads of those tiresome concerts for the propagation of people and so little, so little music! So little music anywhere, anyway! So little of the real, right thing of anything anywhere, any way! FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

#### The Earliest Conductor's Baton.

THE strange statement in Dr. Murray's English dictionary, which gives 1867 as the earliest dated reference to the use of the word baton as a conducting stick in English literature, is just now the subject of an interesting discussion. Sir George Grove surmises that the first baton employed in England was probably the Taktstäbchen used by Spohr at the Philharmonic concerts in 1820. Mr. F. G. Edwards goes back further and quotes from one of Samuel Wesley's lectures delivered in 1827: "I remember that in the time of Dr. Boyce (1710-79) it was customary to mark the measure to the orchestra with a roll of parchment or paper in hand, and this usage is yet continued at St. Paul's Cathedral at the musical performances for the Sons of the Clergy." We, however, can go still further back, that is to say, to the time of good old Pepys, for mention of a conducting stick. In Lord Braybrooke's edition (Warne & Co.) the reference is unfortunately omitted, but Mr. Edwards has found it for us in Mynors Bright's edition under date June 6, 1661. Pepys and Lieutenant Lambert visited Greenwich:

There we went and eat and drank and heard musique at the Globe, and saw the simple motion that is there of a woman with a rod in her hand, keeping time to the musique while it plays; which is simple methinks.

A good many conductors of the present day do very little more than "keep time to the musique while it plays." It is, of course, possible that from a very ancient period some sort of baton was employed in training the performers. But the "woman with a rod in her hand," a spectacle which good old Pepys thought so simple, is, we believe, the first reference made to the conductor's baton in England, while the dame undoubtedly was the predecessor of the Viscountess Folkestone, Madame Trebelli, Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, Mrs. Julian Marshall, the Countess of Radnor, and other lady conductors. It is possible that Pepys' heroine brought the custom from Germany, for we believe, according to tradition, Heinrich Albert, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, used a conductor's stick. It seems strange that men still living can recollect the time when at the opera and at symphony concerts the tempi were given by the first violinist, and the conductor sat at a piano which, says Spohr, "when it was heard with the orchestra had a very bad effect." Weber and Mendelssohn both conducted in London with a baton, and the custom was firmly established by Costa in the early thirties. At the famous Gewandhaus concerts, Leipzig, however, the fiddlebow of the first violinist was not superseded by the conductor's stick until Mendelssohn made the change in 1835. Six years later Mendelssohn and Berlioz exchanged batons at Leipzig, the witty Frenchman sending his German friend a letter beginning:

Au chef Mendelssohn. Grand chef! nous nous sommes promis d'échanger nos tomahawks; voici le mien! Il est grossier, le tien est simple; les squaws seules et les visages pâles aiment les armes ornées.

It would, by the way, be interesting to know the real origin of the leadership of the first violinist. According to Berlioz, it arose from the deafness of Beethoven when "the musicians, in order that they might keep together, eventually agreed to follow the slight indications of time which the Concertmeister gave them, and not to attend to Beethoven's conducting stick."—*London Daily News*.

**Bellini.**—The town of Terranuova possesses four autograph letters of Bellini; a plaster medallion with a portrait of Bellini, given by him to the Duke of Caracci; a card case with his initials in gold, presented to the composer by a French princess, and the autograph of an unfinished romance, the motive of which is used in Norma.

**Deaths.**—At Paris, Leon Delahaye, aged fifty-two, professor of accompaniment at the Conservatory and a graceful composer.—At Paris, Mme. Dufresne, née Demay, formerly professor of harmony at the Conservatory, a post she left in 1880 after forty years of service. She was in her seventy-fourth year.—At Vienna, Joseph Dachs, professor of the piano at the Conservatory, a pupil of Czerny and one of the best pianists in Austria.—At Milan, still in her youth, Antonietta Untersteiner, pianist and composer, for whom a brilliant future was predicted.—At Brussels, Auguste Charles, professor at the Royal Conservatory, aged sixty-three.





GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, June 18, 1896.

**T**he Royal Opera House Intendancy is vouchsafing to the many visitors to Berlin a midsummer night's Wagner cycle, the first performance of which, Rienzi, was given on last Friday night, the 12th inst. Despite the now almost tropical heat (which, however, one does not hardly notice in the well ventilated building of the Royal Opera), and in spite of the counter attraction of the Exhibition, the Olympic Theatre (Kiralfy), the new Royal Opera (Kroll's), and the numerous theatres which are nightly in full blast, the attendance at Rienzi was a large one.

It was a source of special pleasure and gratification to me that I had for my neighbors Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, the able and experienced New York manager, and his charming wife and daughter.

They all agreed that a better performance of Rienzi could not have been seen anywhere in the world, not even at Bayreuth, if they would deign to give Wagner's earliest grand opera at his own theatre, as was certainly intended by him. Mr. Wolfsohn repeatedly remarked that he had never seen at New York a more carefully prepared and consistently carried through ensemble, mise-en-scène and general management. Certainly, historic correctness of costumes and scenery and the most conscientious attention to detail could not be carried much further than it is done here. And this holds good not only with regard to the outward stage mounting and surroundings, but in like manner to the way in which the chorus are drilled and the orchestra perform. The latter body of artists Mr. Wolfsohn thought unequalled.

Dr. Muck conducted, and of course everything went as smoothly and satisfactorily as it always does whenever he swings his safety baton.

As for the principals concerned in Rienzi the cast is one of the very best of the Berlin Royal Opera, and, in truth, if all other operas could be given here with equally adequate forces Berlin would boast the best opera in the world. This, however, I am sorry to say, is not always the case.

Sylva's impersonation and especially his heroic vocal reproduction of the part of the last of the Tribunes is something almost phenomenal if this grand tenor's age is taken into consideration. From the first to the last note of this trying and lengthy rôle (Rienzi is given here without a single cut) Sylva's voice rang out with undiminished force and almost metallic brilliancy. He has also the right sort and timbre of a voice for the character of the music and his acting is throughout as energetic as it is noble and dignified. I have never seen any other representative of the part who is so all around satisfying and who would last with equal strength and virility from the rousing, sonorous opening address to the Romans to the final sympathetic prayer.

In the portrayal of sisterly love and the devotion to this grand heroic character Miss Hiedler as Irene is almost equally admirable. Her soprano voice is fresh and beautiful as a morning glory and so is her appearance.

Worthy in every respect to be "the third in the union," as Schiller has it, is Frau Goetze, whose *Adriano* counts among the very best of her many excellent impersonations. Find another such trio as I have just named if you can!

All the minor rôles, without a single exception, are almost equally satisfactorily represented in the Berlin cast of Rienzi, in which Stammer sings *Colonna*, Fraenkel *Orsini*, Moedlinger *Raimondo*, Sommer *Baroncelli*, Krassa *Di Vecchio*, and in which such fine singers as Frau Herzog (*first messenger of peace*) and the Misses Dietrich, Krinz, Rothausen, Deppe and some others sing in the chorus of the Messengers of Peace.

Rienzi at the Berlin Royal Opera House is a genuine, unadulterated and unalloyed treat. If all the rest of the Wagner works were equally well given here there would be no need of a Bayreuth, except for Parsifal, until 1913.

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The public examinations of the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory classes were last week continued at the conservatory hall amid a great concourse of the many friends, relatives and others interested in the pupils and their work. Constantin von Sternberg, our esteemed Philadelphia correspondent, happened to be present on two after-

noons, and with his usual kindness and amiability offered to report the proceedings for the many readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER. In view of Mr. von Sternberg's eminent pianistic, pedagogic and literary qualities you will no doubt find the following summaries of special interest:

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The Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory has entered upon its annual course of public pupils' recitals (examination concerts, as they call them not inappropriately); it seems to be their system to devote an entire recital to the pupils of each teacher, who in this case was a Mr. Meyer-Mahr. I had not heard of him before, but found his work as a teacher well worthy of attention; he illustrated anew the truth that the absence of a world-wide reputation is no indication of inability.

Some twenty pupils of various degrees of advancement were selected from his classes, and every one of them played remarkably well, barring such trifling accidents as must be ascribed to the pupil's embarrassment; in this respect musical Germany is *tout comme chez nous*! The playing of the pupils leads me to think that their teacher must be a musician of very refined instincts, who watches carefully over the balance between the pupil's technic and musical conception; this balance produced very satisfactory results.

When a pianist's head is in advance of his fingers, it is a misfortune; but the reverse invariably produces a musical crime. Here I found with every pupil a technic commensurate with the task, never insufficient, but happily also never superabundant. The program, covering a wide range between Bach and the present, made me acquainted with two new and pretty trifles, viz.: En Sommeillant, by Statkowski, and a Scherzetto Pastorale by Luigi Forino.

Mr. Meyer-Mahr deserves my congratulations, as well as does the conservatory, which seems permeated by a wholesome musical atmosphere and guided by advanced ideas. I am also invited to judge the pupils of the director, my esteemed friend Philipp Scharwenka, and if I can stay in Berlin you may hear again from me.

The pupils' recital of Philipp Scharwenka's personal class (in the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory) has amply repaid me for having postponed my departure from Berlin; for not only have I listened there to some pretty tall piano playing, but to an average of musicianliness among the pupils which I have never seen excelled.

The program itself may serve as an indication (as every program does) of what sort the material was the conservatory was working with: Beethoven Concerto, C minor, Sonata, op. 10; Bach-Liszt A minor and D minor fugues, Haydn F minor Variations; Liszt Twelfth Rhapsody, Hungarian Fantasy, Ballade, and a lot of Chopin, Raff, Grieg, Schumann, Moszkowski, and Scharwenka (X. and P.) to boot.

It is only fair to expect that a musician of such ideal type as Ph. Scharwenka could not indulge in the pastime of such a program unless he considered the players capable of rendering justice to it, and it is a pleasure for me to state that such was the case most thoroughly. Aside from a solid and often very refined technic, there was again that pulse beat of musicianship plainly perceptible in every player, perceptible mostly by the absence of vagueness in rhythm and accent, over-pedaling, and all those many things which generally characterize pupils' recitals.

Remarkable to me also was the total absence of all embarrassment, and the cheerfulness with which everyone, young women and men, took their seat at the piano as they were called. At any rate, if there was any stage fright, it was well checked by the feeling of mechanical certainty; no break, no stop, no stuttering occurred—it was like a professional symposium.

Contrary to the custom, I wish to mention a few names, because of the fact that their bearers played not only correctly and nicely, but also with that *abandon* which entitles them to be considered as artists. There was a Miss Tony Nürnberg, who played with fine expression and great repose; also a Mr. Richard Gerlt, who is a perfect genius in detail work (as shown in the Haydn Variations) as well as in massive style (Liszt Ballade), and of whom the world will hear before long; furthermore, there was a Miss Ethel Shonfield (one of the many Americans in the conservatory), who deserves mention. Almost a child, unusually sweet looking, delicate, not older than sixteen, she put that Hungarian Fantasy upon the keyboard like an old stager. She showed an amount of temperament which no one should expect behind that calm little face, and bore unmistakable evidence of a most excellent training both technically and musically. She too may be heard from in a very few years.

Philipp Scharwenka thus proves himself not only an excellent instructor but also a fine organizer; for to this latter quality must be ascribed the strong pulse of life that beats in his conservatory, the fine, legitimate rivalry among the students, and the general cheerfulness and discipline manifesting themselves at every step.

To-morrow I shall go to Dresden, and so I bid you good-bye for a few weeks. Yours sincerely,

CONSTANTIN V. STERNBERG.

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Mr. Constantin von Sternberg did not hear the pupils of Dr. Jedlicska play, and in consequence could not very well be expected to say anything about them. In justice to this eminent teacher, however, I subjoin the following extended and interesting program, parts of which I heard last Monday afternoon, and making mention of the fact that the choice of pieces from the program is left to the party conducting the examination of the pupils.

The best pupils of those I heard seemed to me to be Miss B. Belasco, an American, who performed the slow movement from Chopin's E minor concerto with rare taste and a fine touch, and Miss K. Leander, from Berlin, who played Beethoven's F major sonata, op. 54, with intelligence and good technic. Highly talented is the ten-year-old boy Ackermann, who gave the first movement of Mozart's A minor sonata in a remarkable style for one of his tender years. Of performances worthy of notice for technical and musical finish I want to mention Miss Kutsky's playing of Schumann's Ende vom Lied, Chopin's F minor study and the Strauss-Tausig Nachtfalter waltz transcription (the latter virtuoso piece is, however, as yet a little beyond her); Miss M. Beasley's neat performance of Dreychock's minuet in E flat, Miss Eckerbusch in the Schubert-Liszt Soirée de Vienne in D flat, and above all Mr. Schmidt-Badeckow's remarkably clean and technically finished performance of the greater part of Schumann's Kreisleriana. If this young man could get up a little more steam in his interpretations, he would unquestionably soon become a great pianist.

Here is the program in full:

Serenade and Allegro (H-moll) op. 48.....	Mendelssohn
Sonata op. 31 No. 2 (G-dur) I. Satz.....	Beethoven
Fri. Olga von Dolivo-Dobrowolskaja.....	
Fantasie (C-moll).....	Mozart
Barcarolle (G-moll).....	Tchaikowsky
Miss Jessy Donald.....	
Concert (D-moll) op. 40 I. Satz.....	Mendelssohn
Nocturne (Fis-moll) op. 48 No. II.....	Chopin
Fri. Janssen.....	
Frühlingserwachen.....	E. Haberbier
Scherzo (B-moll).....	Chopin
Waltz (A-dur) No. 6.....	Schubert-Liszt
Fri. H. Werneckink.....	
Preludium und Fuge (C-moll).....	Bach
Sonata (A-moll) I. Satz.....	Mozart
Rondo op. 11.....	Hummel
Alf. Ackermann.....	
Nocturne Fis-moll, op. 48 No. II.....	Chopin
Concert (Fis-moll) Satz II.....	Hiller
Miss Grace Sterling.....	
Preludium und Orgelfuge (A-moll).....	Bach-Liszt
Etude de Concert No. 1 (As-dur).....	Liszt
Polonaise (A-dur).....	Chopin
Fri. Elise Pick.....	
Mazurka (B-moll).....	Chopin
Drei deutsche Tänze.....	Seiss-Beethoven
Valse (Des-dur).....	Schubert-Liszt
Fri. K. Eckerbusch.....	
Preludium und Fuge (B-dur).....	Bach
Concert (E-moll).....	Chopin
L'alouette.....	Glinka-Balakirew
Miss B. Belasco.....	
Preludium und Fuge.....	Bach
Sonata op. 2 No. 2 (C-dur) Satz I.....	Beethoven
Menuett.....	Dreychock
Chant polonaise.....	Chopin-Liszt
Miss M. Beasley.....	
Wanderer.....	Schubert-Liszt
Fri. H. Handt.....	
Sonata op. III (I. Satz).....	Beethoven
Novellette op. 7.....	Schumann
Fri. M. Goetze.....	
Etude (A-moll).....	Chopin
Kreisleriana.....	Schumann
Herr Alf. Schmidt-Badeckow.....	
Preludium und Fuge.....	Bach
Nocturne Cis-moll.....	Chopin
Sonata op. 31 No. I.....	Beethoven
Rhapsodie No. 8.....	Liszt
Fri. E. Matschke.....	
Preludium und Fuge (D-dur).....	Bach
Sonata (F-dur) op. 34.....	Beethoven
Andante (op. 3).....	Brahms
Fri. K. Leander.....	
Ende vom Lied.....	Schumann
Etude.....	Chopin
Waltz (Nach(alter).....	Strauss-Tausig
Fri. E. Kutsky.....	

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In a recent letter I wrote about the violin playing of Mr. Arthur M. Abell, and told you that he is a performer of a high order. As an instructor Abell also takes a high rank. He has had marked success in teaching during the past season. His pupils have all made excellent, and some of them quite remarkable, progress, and they one and all swear by their teacher.

Some already far advanced pupils, who came to Abell intending to study with him but a short time to improve their bowing, in which Abell excels, have decided to return to him in the fall for another year. One of this class, Miss Blanche Gibson, of New York, had already studied a year at the Royal Academy of Music in London under Henry Holmes and then six years with Hans Sitt in Leipzig. She considers Abell the best teacher she ever had. Miss Gibson is very talented and Abell predicts a future for her.

It means a great deal when a young man, and a foreigner at that, gains a sure foothold in this great musical metropolis as a violin instructor. But then Abell is not



an unknown quantity in the musical world, and moreover he has the highest recommendation to back him up. Carl Halir, whose fame is too well known to the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER to require further comment, has just written of him:

"Mr. Arthur Abell has been my pupil for five years and I recommend him in the warmest terms (auf's Wärmste) as a violin teacher, especially for those who wish to have instruction with me later on."

This is strong praise indeed, coming from such a great artist. Abell is unquestionably one of the best teachers of his instrument in Berlin, and American and English students of the violin coming here will find a course of lessons with him to start with of great value, whatever their ultimate goal may be. Moreover, they will find in Abell a valuable counselor, for with his six years of experience in Germany he is thoroughly familiar with the methods of the different schools, and is well informed on all matters connected with violin study in this country.

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Josef Joachim, the Nestor of the great violinists, is at present in Rome, where he is being made much of. On Saturday last he was invited to the Quirinal, where he played before the King and Queen of Italy and the entire court. On the next day, Sunday, a chamber music concert was given at the Saint Cecilia Academy, in which Joachim predominated and was made the recipient of many orations, laurel wreaths and a bronze relief of Saint Cecilia. He played the first violin part in Mozart's C major string quartet (dedicated to Haydn), and Robert von Mendelssohn, the rich-Berlin banker and one of the best amateur musicians in the world, performed the 'cello part. The second number on the program was Brahms' G major sonata for violin and piano, which was performed by Joachim and Sgambati. The third number was the Beethoven violin concerto, Joachim's greatest battle horse, and after the performance the applause was so strong and lasting that Joachim could not help responding, and performed his own Hungarian concerto as an encore number. The Baroness Kendl, wife of the German ambassador, played the piano arrangement of the orchestral accompaniment. Queen Marguerite of Italy was present and applauded most vigorously. At the close of the concert she asked the artist into the royal box, where she complimented him highly.

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Mme. Anna von Rebezzoff, Rubinstein's only daughter and the wife of an officer in the Russian army, was in Berlin last week to confer upon Manager Hermann Wolff the entire and absolute administration of all rights and royalties upon Rubinstein's works for the benefit of the dead composer's widow and two children. Rubinstein and Bülow had unlimited confidence in their manager, Wolff, all their lives long, and the well-deserved confidence seems to have gone over also upon their surviving relatives.

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At the Royal Opera House to-morrow night the premiere of Henry Waller's one-act opera Fra Francesco will surely take place. Next week we are to have a further and more important novelty at the new Royal Opera (Kroll's) in the shape of Karl Goldmark's latest opera, The Cricket on the Hearth. The composer is now in Berlin superintending the final rehearsals.

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The Berlin headquarters of THE MUSICAL COURIER last week swarmed with visitors from the United States. I had a long and pleasant call from my old friend Rudolf Aronson. That he succeeded in engaging Teresa Carreño for a tournee of forty concerts in the United States, to begin in January next, I cabled over. Besides, he engaged Mr. Marix Loevenson, the young but already famous violoncellist, first prize of the Brussels Conservatory. Mr. Aronson was called back to the United States by cable, and sails for New York to-day on the Columbia.

Mr. Alvin Kranich, the New York pianist and composer, fresh from a successful concert trip through Thuringia (in which he was assisted by Miss Beatrix Kernic, soprano from the Leipzig Opera House; Mr. Victor Lichtenstein, violinist from St. Louis, Mo., and Tom Jackson, 'cellist from Leeds), England, called on his way back to Leipzig. In his company was the charming young harpist, Miss Martha von Kid, Mr. Boltwood, now studying in Leipzig, and a few other American gentlemen not connected with music.

Miss Cecelia Schiller, the talented young pianist, from New York, called. She intends using her summer vacation to furbish up her technic under Prof. Heinrich Barth's invaluable supervision.

Then there was Mr. George J. Dowling, formerly with the Briggs Piano Company, of Boston, who is studying Europe and its many aspects before he returns to the United States to sell more pianos.

Nahan Franko came to say good-by. He is immensely pleased with Berlin and intends to return here next summer with an entire big American brass band, when, no doubt, they will take the German capital by storm.

Miss Frieda Lautmann from Dueren, the daughter of my quondam piano teacher at Aix-la-Chapelle, called to

see whether I could not engage her for the United States. She has an agreeable and sympathetic alto voice and I was sorry therefore that I could not accommodate her, as I am not in the managerial business. I sent her, like so many others, to Hermann Wolff, but I doubt whether he has engaged her.

Miss Stillwell and Miss Paine, two young American musicians, likewise called. O. F.

## The Trials and Pleasures of Teaching.

By JAMES M. TRACY.

SITTING in my cosy studio one morning, abstractedly engaged in thinking over the severe trials of a teacher's life, but more particularly on the appearance of the latest addition to my class—whether she would prove a valuable music prize or a blank—my reverie was suddenly interrupted by a loud rap at the door which sent a thrill through me, reaching to my furthest extremities, for it was rather an unseasonable hour for either callers or pupils.

As a usual thing, when engaged in teaching, reading or writing, and there is a rap at the door, I sing out in a loud voice, "Come in," but on this occasion hesitated a moment, to get my thoughts collected in suitable form to receive the unexpected visitors. I was just on the point of singing out in the usual way, when a second and louder rap brought me to my feet in presto time. I opened the door and found the disturbers of my peaceful cogitations to be three persons, a gentleman, his wife and daughter. I recognized the gentleman as a German whom I had met at a neighboring city where I had been to give a piano recital. With a sinister smile on his broad, good natured face, he said in good English:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Tracy, for disturbing you at so early an hour, but I had no other time to come. I have brought my daughter here with me, whom I am very anxious for you to hear play. After she plays, please tell me honestly what you think of her playing, and whether you would advise me to put out any more money on her instruction."

"Certainly," I said, "it will give me great pleasure to hear her, for I have heard she is very talented, and, you know, I am greatly interested in all young persons possessing talent. You have come very opportunely, as I am disengaged just at present, and have ample time to hear and judge of her ability."

Before taking seats the gentleman formally introduced his wife and daughter, carefully explaining the reasons which had induced them to seek my opinion and advice. This man was a good talker, and, though not a musician, seemed to have well defined ideas on the general trend of musical education, and understood the leading characteristics of the prominent teachers engaged in the profession.

Coming down to business, I asked the young miss her age; how long she had been taking lessons; if she was fond of music and loved to practice? She was fourteen; had taken lessons four years, of various teachers, good and bad, mostly the latter. She had played Czerny's velocity studies, Bach's two and three part inventions, many pieces, and loved to practice. After these preliminary questions, I said, "You may play me something." I was somewhat astonished when she commenced to play Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and still more so after she had played a couple of pages. My Chickering grand, of which I am justly proud and extremely careful, had just been put in perfect order, and I was desirous of keeping it so, for it was my most intimate friend and companion. "Oh, mercy," I inwardly exclaimed, "you will throw it all out of tune, and it will be a miracle if there are any whole strings left when you are through!"

This little miss was healthy and strong. Yes, a veritable athlete, judged from the way she smote the ivories. "Oh, goodness, my dear child, stop! That will do for the present. Where in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, did you learn to pound so?" Poor Beethoven, deaf as he was, would have gone mad had he been alive and present to hear his famous sonata pounded and tortured by this young girl. "Well, well!" I said, after taking sufficient time to recover my lost breath. "Your daughter has strength enough to conquer the world, but there is no music in her playing! It is noise, and noise is not music. She evidently possesses musical ability, but her playing needs toning down and much polishing before it can be considered musical or attractive. Excuse me for saying that I think her instruction has been bad. Yes, absolutely bad."

"That is just my opinion; what I have been telling my wife all along," said the gentleman; "and that is what brought us to you, thinking you would tell us exactly what you thought of her playing and her talent. We wanted your opinion, and, having it, will take no more of your valuable time this morning. You will undoubtedly hear from us again very soon," and with this remark, after offering to remunerate me for our time and opinion, the party withdrew. A few weeks later, when the above episode had been partially forgotten, I received another call from this gentleman. He came to ask if I would go

to their city one day in the week and give lessons to a class he had obtained for me. I could not then accept the offer, but promised to take the class after my summer vacation, which I did.

On assuming the new responsibilities I did what every prudent teacher ought to do before beginning with a new class—reconnoitred and studied the character of its material, that I might be prepared for the pupilistic battle.

Here is the personnel of said class. First on the list was the young miss, the pounder! She has proved the most talented and prominent in it. The second one was a young lady to take pipe organ lessons. She already played a large organ in church, though she had no technical or practical preparation for it. She could not read the simplest piece at sight; knew nothing of registration, and never touched the pedals, except at the end of the tune. In addition to her music study she taught in the public schools, had a Sunday school class, was the president of a sewing circle, and was obliged to attend all the society events that occurred. She was a charming young lady, but with so many duties to attend to my hopes of making her a brilliant, shining light in the class entirely vanished after the second lesson. Number three, a handsome miss of seventeen, possessed talent, played fairly well, but having charge of seven children in her father's family, besides entertaining a young man lover three or four evenings in the week, left her no time for practice. Here was the second hope dashed in the bud. Numbers four and five were two brilliant young lady cousins. They were music teachers, though not obliged to teach, yet were not averse to making a dollar. They were unfortunate in that they played the same pieces, so whenever they met in company became entangled in serious difficulties from this cause. While their dispositions were not bad, they did not always agree, and it became part of my duty to harmonize their differences, not an easy or agreeable task. How could it be? I exerted all my natural suaveness of manners and speech, and added a generous amount of soothing syrup to this end, yet they would get out of tune, and I found it extremely difficult to resolve their dissonances concordantly, especially when they met face to face in my music room. Still they were good students and I had no personal difficulty with them.

The next on the list was an accomplished, agreeable married lady, who at some previous time had played very well, sung well and was generally musical. My hopes were built high on this lady, but after a few lessons I learned with deep regret that they could not be realized, for she had so much company to entertain, with her household duties to look after, it was impossible for her to practice sufficiently to learn good lessons. Here was another hope of a good pupil dashed to pieces. This was a case where the teacher becomes perfectly helpless and desponds of accomplishing any good results.

There was another married lady in the class who thought she played well, but because I did not agree with her, and insisted on her practicing some technical studies, she dropped out after the third lesson. The lady belonged to that class of unknown quantity who only wish to take a few pieces and get finished off in one term of instruction. Their number is surprisingly large.

A third married lady, a graduate of a small college, possessed much talent, played brilliantly, and has since become one of my best pupils. The lady has the ambition and confidence to play well in public. She has played several times, meeting with good success. Then there were two sisters who possessed marked musical ability, but the elder one was engaged to a young man; and, of course, this spoiled her for any good study; while the younger one, being a delicate, frail, little body, was not able to make any substantial progress because she could not do the required amount of practicing. At this point I became very much discouraged.

There were two others. One a very nervous maiden lady, a good worker, for whom I entertained the kindest regards, though she will never make a player. The other is a good scholar, player and teacher.

I now return again to the young miss, the pounder, the one who gave me such a fright for the safety of my piano. She is a very bright, talented girl, who has the ambition to learn; is willing to put in all her time and give the necessary amount of hard work required to make a pianist. She soon learned to see her many faults, and fully appreciated the efforts made to correct them. She did not object to a rigid course of technical studies, but took them up with alacrity and pleasure, saying they furnished her with a delightful pastime. This proved entirely satisfactory to me and remarkably beneficial to her. The young miss has now been a pupil of mine a little over two years, and the progress she has made is really wonderful. My hopes are strong in the belief that she will make another Madame Zeisler, who is considered the best American pianist of to-day.

**Barber of Seville.**—The decree of the Italian Government indefinitely extending the time of the copyright of Rossini's Barber of Seville has been declared by a Parliamentary commission as contrary to law and void. The final decision rests with the full house of Parliament.





JUNE 15, 1896.

**T**HE impartiality of the Roman musical world, and its intense and intelligent—I may say its passionate and reverent—love for those who are true masters of the beautiful art in whose subtle ambient they, the members of this world, live, were strikingly illustrated again yesterday at Joseph Joachim's remarkable concert at Santa Cecilia.

However unbending the censors of music might have been to all outside musicians when they came to Rome in the past days; however unwilling they may have been to acknowledge merit, power, genius, outside the limits of their own dogmas, the broadening influences of the new régime, the blessed power of Music herself when left to enter in with wings unfettered—have put all those littlenesses forever to rest. It is the "principles of pure music" confined to all too narrow a channel in Palestrina's time that rule; it is the pure interpretation of this pure music, be the interpreter of whatever nationality (and all the great interpreters are drawn here sooner or later by the very force of these principles) that reigns. With these principles themselves as the foundation, fine, sensitive, vibrant as the chords of an æolian harp, strengthened, sustained, broadened by the strong and intelligent relations that are being so firmly and so rapidly established with all the great musical centres of the world, and with all the great musicians and musical opere of the world—under the direction of men erudite, devoted, broadminded, with courage born of wisdom that makes the cosmopolitan no less than an ancestry springing from two of the greatest musical countries of the world—as with the Count of San Martino, the young president of Santa Cecilia, he has spared no time, nor devotion, nor pecuniary aid, nor influence in the development of those principles—a degree of perfection is being reached here in Rome that is as remarkable as it is ennobling, and that, in calling universal attention to the glorious City of the Seven Hills as the very heart and centre of the art in its purest, most ennobling form, is attracting to it many great teachers—from Russia and from France and from other lands who feel the influence of Italy as their brothers the delineators of melody and rhythm in form and tint feel it, and that, at the same time, as I said, is irresistibly attracting here the great masters of the art.

Many of these masters have come to us during the past season, and, naturally, to Santa Cecilia's beautiful new concert hall, whose existence is in the main due to Santa Cecilia's present chief officers—her president, the Count of San Martino; her director, Filippo Marchitti; her vice-president, Signor Frascara. It is difficult to establish a paragon in such circumstances as these, but surely no victory of this nor of any other musical season in Rome has been greater than that won by Joseph Joachim, doyen of living masters of the violin, yesterday.

Never was more distinguished audience gathered to welcome here visitors of whatever rank. Her Majesty the Queen, with many members of her court, cabinet ministers, the Syndic of Rome, her aristocracy of society and art and culture, the professors of Santa Cecilia, the members of the Accademia, of whom Joachim himself is one, and the entire list of pupils crowded hall and vestibule and corridors to their utmost limits; even the space left on the stage by the Orchestra Romana, which was present in its entirety—all except what was, per forza, kept open for the soloists and director themselves—was crowded, steps and all, by the audience.

Almost immediately after the entrance of Her Majesty the great Hungarian violinist came upon the stage and was greeted with tremendous applause, which lasted several minutes, and in which the Queen—coming to the front of the royal box—joined heartily. Her Majesty's presence at this private recital was a mark of unusual and distinguished favor. I said private recital because it was entirely by invitation that admission was obtained, and no offers of money nor of favor could avail in the procuring of a single one of the much coveted biglietti d'ingresso. The violinist, to whom royal salutation and royal appreciation are always and everywhere part and parcel of his appearance in whatever kingly or imperial centre, returned the Queen's greeting with the simple grace which is so charming a part of his personality, and then, bowing to right and left with pleasant, cordial smiles, he opened a program which was worthy the most notable musical event

of any European or American capital with Mozart's quartet in D major (No. 17), holding his audience as a single person without a thought of other than the exquisite music before and about them, spellbound in the grandeur and beauty of his interpretation.

His assistants in this primo numero were Tito Monachesi, first violin of the Queen's Quartet, second violin; Ettore Pinelli, director of the Orchestra Romana and Joachim's own pupil, viola; and Felix Mendelssohn, nephew of the great composer, Joachim's present companion du voyage, violoncello.

The second number was a superb playing of the Brahms sonata for violin and piano by Joachim and Sgambati (who for this occasion used the Erard piano). After this number the great Italian pianist went away to the back of the hall, where he could enjoy the perfect interpretations that remained undisturbed and to the full. "Superb!" "Magnificent!" "Marvelous!" he exclaimed from time to time during the hour of hours that remained.

Joachim had been seated during the first two numbers, but for the third and last of this not less than two hours' program he arose and waited in the centre of the orchestra with closed eyes and gently moving head until the solo part came, and then what a fire of genius leaped from his violin to enthuse audience, accompanying orchestra, and all through the long and magnificent Beethoven masterpiece—the concerto in Re for violin with orchestra accompaniment (op. 61). The entire audience, carried away with enthusiasm, arose to its feet, and it seemed that at least for a quarter of an hour the hall echoed and re-echoed with the great violinist's name and applause and acclamation that were little short of frantic; while as for the master himself, he gave his rare, sweet acknowledgment not once but many times, and then, grasping Pinelli's hand, turned to the violinists of the orchestra, saluting and thanking and congratulating them personally and with deep enthusiasm, oblivious of himself in his delight at their perfect accompaniment, until Pinelli presented to him a great wreath of laurel and golden berries tied with the colors of Italy and Germany (in graceful recognition of Joachim's position as head of the Conservatory of Berlin), inscribed in golden letters: "A Joseph Joachim la Regia Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Roma, 1896," and a beautiful bronze relief of Santa Cecilia dedicated: "A Joseph Joachim, ricordo di ammirazione, E. Pinelli, T. Monachesi, V. De Sanctis, R. Jacobacchi [the last three of the Queen's Quintet], Roma, 14 Giugno, 1896."

A pretty incident was the presentation of an exquisite bronze wreath to Joachim by the Countess Franchi della Valetta—Teresina Tua—recently returned from her tour in Russia. But long as the time of the concert had been it had passed all unheeded and unrealized; other numbers were demanded and redemanded so spontaneously and persistently, an express request from Her Majesty being added to them, that the grand old violinist, who seemed young with the fire of eternal youth, inexhaustible in his genius, calling to the piano the Baroness von Keudell, wife of the former ambassador of Germany to Rome, at whose palace the illustrious violinist is visiting, gave such a reading of the characteristic Danse ungheresi as aroused enthusiasm to even a higher pitch than before, and compelled a second and a third response, the Baroness von Keudell accompanying each in such a way as to prove her own merit to the title of artist. It seemed the people would never let him go after his return from the royal box to receive the Queen's personal and profound thanks; it was a perfect ovation that attended him quite out of the Corso limit. The recital is one of the most brilliant memories in Santa Cecilia's concert list, an event that no one who participated in can ever forget.

It seems almost impossible that Joachim has nearly reached the three score and ten. One needs almost to glance at the records of the little Hungarian town (Kisze) where he was born to assure himself of the fact that it was in 1831. He studied under Boehm and Ferdinand David and Alard. He made his first appearance in concert at Vienna at seven years of age, and won a tremendous triumph in Leipzig at the famous Gewandhaus concerts at seventeen. His career from that time until the present—though not unmarked by difficulty—has been one of the most singular success. His modesty, his courtesy, the frankness of his life, have all contributed, with his genius, to the establishment of the most beautiful relations at court, among the elect of culture and society, and with the people, in whose interests he has strong, pure sympathy. But it is of the present, not of the past, that I am writing, save as it influences the present. The *Dos Chiscotte*, in a long critique of the Joachim recital, just issued, says: "That which he does with his violin may not be defined; the emotion felt by the public before that grand old master, so young and so vigorous in the demonstration of his fervent sentiment of art, may not be described. Before such grand power, before a colossus such as Joachim, in whom are concentrated all those different qualities, agility, sentiment, depth, interpretation, which have given artistic celebrity to many others, it is not possible to do other than—bowing before him full of reverence—lay aside the critic's pen and limit ourselves to the chronicle."

Of the former, I have never seen a more perfectly true, more intelligent example than Professor Parisotti's analysis of Joachim's readings, which appeared in the *Popolo Romano* exactly contemporaneously with that above quoted: "Full of color, without affectation; energetic, without hardness; deliciously sweet, without languor; rhythmic, without pedantry, he gives the intimate essence and the intimate interpretation of every author with that serene calm which is the characteristic of true knowledge, which is conqueror without ostentation."

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The Orchestra Romana, as ready to lend its aid to every noble charity as the aristocracy of Rome is to respond to every such demand (and how many are made on each every winter!) has been the first to institute a series of concerts for the benefit of the Italian prisoners in Africa, this benefit to reach them through the religious Mission Wersowits, which it is hoped will do very much indeed to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate men, if not to entirely end their captivity. The concert was given a day or two ago in Sala Dante, before a large and generous house, that left many a handsome offering in the hands of the noble ladies who are taking the burden of this assistance largely upon themselves and among whom are especially prominent the Countess de Santafiora, Countess Mona Pasolini, Countess Mier, Donna Liga Corsini and Donna Francesca Pinetti. The numbers were admirably rendered by the entire orchestra, under Pinelli's direction.

The program included a Schubert symphony, in which the orchestra's remarkable ensemble playing was especially in evidence; a delicious little nocturne of Voigt, a brilliant gavot by Willembach, Wagner's Song of the Rhine Maidens, and a charming vocal number by Mme. Mililotti-Regna.

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Mascagni's *Zanetto* has just been given at pretty Villa Cora, in Florence, by the Signorine Taufani and Cecchi, two of the most promising pupils of Mme. Boccabadati-Varesi (head of the vocal department at the Rossini in Pesaro), who herself gave the piano accompaniment, assisted by Mme. Cora at the harmonium. The presentation, which was attended by the crème de la crème of the Florentine aristocracy, was personally directed by Mascagni, who after *Zanetto*, gave a delightful improvisation on the prelude of *Ratcliff*.

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Edouardo Scarpetta, leader and promoter of the dialect theatres of Italy, and especially that of Naples—a comedian who might be our own Wilson, Robson and Crane embodied in one, and who has in his company another comedian the living, acting counterpart of our lamented Warren—is giving an immensely amusing parody on the *Vie de Bohème* at the Teatro Valle, where, according to his usual precedent, he has established himself for the summer season. Like the original of Puccini, this *Vie de Bohème* is given in quattro quadri, quadro 1 at Nocera, 2 at San Carlo, 3, Sul Vomero; 4, in Soffitta. The real cream of the parody comes in the fourth quadro or picture—that in the Soffitta—for which Riccardo has allowed the use of the original music. Scarpetta himself imitates the *Signorina Petri*, Della *Rossa De Lucia*, and Signorina Bianco the *Signorina Pasini* (as played at Naples). It is immensely diverting.

Giovanni Giannetti, who has come to Rome with Scarpetta, between whom and himself the warmest friendship exists, tells me his *Madonetta* is to be given in Milan early in the coming season. The story of *Madonetta* is, in brief, this: A young English girl, very beautiful, with that fair, innocent type that makes one think of the Madonna, coming to Rome falls in love with and is engaged to a young Italian officer. A friend of this young man, with whom the *Madonetta* has carried on a previous intrigue d'amore, returns unexpectedly to Rome, and seeing the two together tells the officer his past experience, which the latter indignantly refuses to believe without proof, a proof that comes all too readily in form of an assignation between the former lover and the *Madonetta* for that very evening. There is classic Roman scenery, there are the usual crowds of pedestrians, students, travelers, pleasure seekers, and a military touch is given by passing groups of Capitoline soldiers, and the music now and then of the Capitoline Band. The treatment is quaint and original; the melody sometimes extremely crisp and vivacious, sometimes strangely pathetic. It is altogether a pretty little opera, for which we may hope lasting success. There are neither deaths nor murders in the opera; on the contrary, it is rather of the intense, realistic school that seems to be coming to the fore here, and more and more each season.

I understand that an American manager, while greatly impressed with the music of the *Cristo* (of Bovio and Giannetti), hesitates to undertake its production on our side from the "sacrilegious" character of the drama! What absurd reasoning is this! First of all, the figure of the Master does not appear once on the stage, but instead, his voice—calm, sweet, majestic—is heard from outside, giving utterance to truths and axioms on which the very pity and tenderness of human sentiment are based, and so truths that draw the hearts of the people to the Christ from



His very humanity—instead of repelling and intimidating them by austere and awful dignity. Between this and the Passion play at Oberammergau there is a tremendous difference, and I have seen skeptics converted in the Tyrolean theatre of the drama, and those who have inveighed loudly against it, on this very ground of sacrilege, moved to tears, and exclaiming that no grander argument in favor of Christianity, no more powerful plea, could be advanced. How is it that we may have on our stage representations of passion and lasciviousness from which many a pure minded person turns away in disgust, and yet that the humanity of Christ may not be demonstrated thus? It is like the objection to the St. Gaudens figures—the pure minded saw their beauty and their tender, infinite grace, the coarser mind saw only nudity! It is one of the most sublime of sentiments that this opera delineates. True, there will be everything in the manner of its production, but that being well attended to, of what is there to be afraid? We must not forget, too, neither we nor these scrupulous managers, that the Bible was the text book both of early operas and early dramas.

The Count of San Martino is in Paris for a few days. Marconi is still here, studying and resting, making his friends happy with his presence, and young artists with his wise and cordially given advice.

Sgambati leaves us for his usual summer outing at the Bagna de Luques in a little while.

The Municipal Band has commenced its concerts in Piazza Colonna, at the foot of the towering column of Antoninus, whose reliefs have recently been copied for the Royal Museum in Berlin, and the great square is full of people gathered to listen to the delightful music, while they eat ices and sip coffee à la française, at little marble topped tables on the sidewalks, or saunter up and down in the clear light and pure air of these matchless evenings. It is a charming phase of Roman life at this season.

THEO. TRACY.

### Michigan in General and Detroit in Particular.

**PERRY AVERILL**, the New York baritone, brought the musical season of Detroit to an auspicious close. His song recital was acknowledged one of the most artistic events of the year, and even the press was unanimous in its praise.

I say "even" advisedly, because the musical critics of this city are, despite their wild and woolly "Westernness," extremely *difficile*. I can't remember ever reading one wholly praiseworthy article. The "buts" and "ifs" are invariably conspicuous, either through habit or a keen sense of supposed obligation. Pianists and singers, violinists and orchestras that have bravely and serenely passed through the crucible of New York and Boston judgment reach our city only to be enlightened as to their many defects and deficiencies. However, they are usually informed that patience and perseverance will overcome much, and with this charitably volunteered moral prop are enabled to bear up and go their weary way in meek and lowly hopefulness.

What a blessing to mankind that sanguinity exists! If it did not, musical enterprise in this city would long ago have died an unnatural death. And all thanks to the newspapers. Some one organizes an orchestra. Rehearsals follow, subscriptions are obtained, and the first concert takes place.

No one denies the fact that to most of the orchestral members a symphony is an unknown quantity; that the phrasing and shading and general treatment are not up to the standard. The noble citizens appreciate all this; they know that Thomas, Seidl or Damrosch with their routinized orchestras would be a trifle more satisfactory; but at the same time they appreciate the fact that Rome was not built in a day, that with encouragement and that mighty factor, Time, even Detroit could have an orchestra for which it need not blush.

As I have already remarked, the citizens all buy their season tickets. They experience a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that they are encouraging art in general, and Detroit art in particular, and in their heart of hearts rather enjoy the concert. Along comes Mr. Critic with his sublime enlightenment, superior knowledge and death dealing pen! The concert is so scorched with sarcasm, so flooded with pitiless criticism, that a certain delicacy is felt about lending even by one's presence encouragement to these musical culprits.

The second concert takes place, the audience is conspicuous by its absence, and then Mr. Critic in sublimest indignation waxes eloquent on the ingratitude of our citizens, their indifference to higher ideals, enlightenment, &c.

O ye newspaper men of Detroit! And there yet exist those who rely on your infallible judgment!

"Get thee gone, base villain, get thee gone!" It is a shame! There is no dearth of good material, and our people could and would lend support, moral and practical.

"Im Leben ist es hüsslich eingerichtet!"

The critics say "no" and the people bow "amen."

But to return to Averill. The program, which showed good judgment and discrimination, opened with French

songs of the sixteenth century, classic in form and style and contrasting well with the dramatic *J'ai tout donné pour rien* of Bemberg. In gems of Jensen and a group of Spicker made one wonder whether the baritone does not hail from the "Vaterland."

Im Herbst, by Franz, in style, shading and the perfection of details was delightful. A group of the Irish and English melodies brought warmth to the hearts of many a one, and several repetitions were rendered imperative.

The delicious *Ninon* of Tosti, a Gounod song, and a recitative and aria of Arne completed the program. Mr. Averill's voice is well schooled and sympathetic in quality. His pianissimo is delicious, his style versatile, and his coloring artistic and refined. The German and French diction were so perfect that one might wish for the same distinctness of enunciation in the singer's own language.

One of the finest Maennerchor I have ever heard is that of Toledo. They came here recently to assist in the closing concert of the Harmonie Society. The director, Joseph Wylli, has certainly developed to the utmost the capabilities of his singers, and the ovation tendered them was richly deserved. They sang as one man, the unity was really remarkable, the shading was a revelation, and the diction, which usually suffers so cruelly, disarmed all adverse criticism. The intense heat kept many at home, and it is to be hoped that another opportunity will be given us of hearing the society.

This year's M. T. A. convention was one of the most successful ever held in Michigan. The meeting took place in Saginaw, and the hospitality of the people, together with the cool weather and the limited number of concerts, gave rise to considerable enthusiasm. A great many sensible resolutions were passed last year. Encores were forbidden and the length of time allotted each performer was limited to fifteen minutes, so that meals became more than a possibility, and a general air of comfort pervaded the whole. Wm. H. Sherwood, who gave the first of the artist recitals, aroused great enthusiasm. He is credited with great improvement, and was deluged with applause and approbation. It is wonderful what this pianist accomplishes with his limited digits. There is much individuality in Sherwood's interpretations, and his sincerity and intensity are refreshing.

The evening concert under the direction of the talented composer and director, A. W. Platte, was given by Saginaw talent with the assistance of Mr. Averill, who repeated his former triumphs.

Scharwenka was, of course, received with the usual enthusiasm. He is too prosaic and popular in his style of music, to my way of thinking. He is not ideal, but then he pleases, so why discuss the matter? I fancy it is prosperity which has harmed him. Necessity is a great impetus to work, to develop one's best. At the reception given him after the concert Mr. H. Parker Robinson, of Grand Rapids, charmed all with a group of songs. There is a great deal of resonance in his voice and his intonation is even and pure. He is a delightful singer.

Those participating in the several day recitals were too numerous for individual mention. Miss Annie Louise Gillies' sweet soprano aroused as always the interest of her hearers. Mr. Hadzsiits, organist; Mr. James, organist and composer; Miss Collette, soprano, and many others sustained their excellent reputations. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mehan, Detroit's vocal representatives, were not all that might be desired in concert work. Mr. Mehan is somewhat passé, while Mrs. Mehan is entirely uninteresting. Her voice is not refined in quality, her style is crude, and her enunciation impossible. A severe headache prevented my attendance at the recital given by J. C. Wilcox, Miss Beeman, Miss Hull and Mr. Seyler.

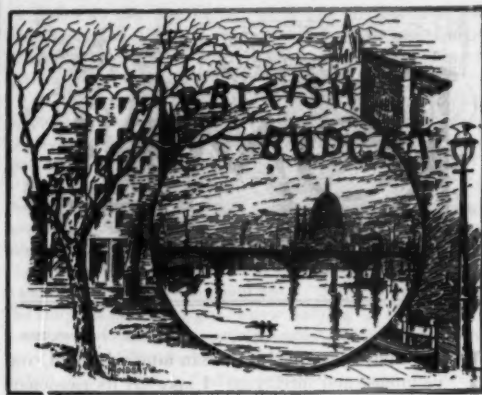
Carl Faeltlen, who gave the closing concert, created a positive furore. His program was so heavy in character that many feared for his success. Many were threatened with musical dyspepsia previous to his appearance, but the Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Raff, &c., were presented in more than a palatable form. Faeltlen is an exponent of the highest form of legitimate art. He differs radically from the exponents of the modern romantic school and is certainly a big artist.

Mr. Platte entertained Faeltlen and half a dozen kindred spirits after the concert in his charming pavilion. Mr. Platte's studio is built away from the house, in the midst of a lovely garden and ideal seclusion, quite as genially artistic as their originator.

What stories Faeltlen can tell! His anecdotes and reminiscences were legion in number. Our appreciation of his wit and Mr. Platte's hospitality was made evident by the lateness, or earliness, of the hour at which we wended our way homeward.

LILLIAN APEL.

**Wagner in Russia.**—The great Moscow firm of Jürgenson is publishing a series of Wagner operas in a Russian translation. The first to be issued will be *Rheingold*. The undertaking will probably lead to a lawsuit, as the Riga firm of Nelken has the rights for a series of Wagner works in Russia, and last autumn published *Tristan*. As, however, foreign authors have no protection in Russia, it is probable that the courts of law cannot protect the Riga publishers.



BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
21 Princes Street, Cavendish Square,  
LONDON, W., June 27, 1896.

**T**HE name of the late Sir Augustus Harris is on the lips of everybody. As a provider of entertainments he came more or less into the life of a large percent of the population of both London and the provinces.

The remains will be interred in the family vault in Brompton Cemetery at 11:30 this morning. The hour has in a measure been selected in order that actors engaged in matinees may have an opportunity of attending, and the probability is that a large number of members of the theatrical profession generally, as well as the staffs of the Opera House and Drury Lane Theatre, will be present at the grave side. Nearly a score of mourning coaches, apart from private carriages, will follow the hearse, which will leave The Elms, the deceased's residence in Avenue road, St. John's Wood, at 10 o'clock, and proceed to Brompton. The first mourning coach will be occupied by Mr. Charles Harris, the deceased's brother; Mr. Frank B. Rendle, brother-in-law; Mr. Willie Rendle, nephew, and Mr. Neil Forsythe, assistant manager. Among the occupants of the subsequent vehicles will be Lord Lonsborough, Lord de Gray, Mr. Arthur Collins, Mr. H. V. Higgins, Mr. Arthur A. Becket, Mr. F. C. Burnard, Dr. Gilbert Smith, Dr. Distin Maddick, Sir William Broadbent, Dr. Ford Anderson, Signor Mancinelli, Signor Bevigiani, Mr. Herbert Campbell, Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton. Sir Henry Irving would have been one of the mourners but for his engagements in Scotland.

Lady Harris has not only been the recipient of a great many sympathetic communications—these including letters of condolence from the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Earl of Lathom, and Lord and Lady Esher—but an immense number of beautiful floral tributes to the memory of her husband have been forwarded to The Elms. One of the most elegant of these is an exceptionally large wreath of white flowers, on which is delicately implanted in letters composed of cornflowers the intimation that it is the offering of the "Covent Garden Theatre Chorus." A wreath of white wax flowers in an octagonal glass case is inscribed as "A token of respect and deepest sympathy from the employees of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden." The Telephone Girl company send an anchor, made of lilies and other white flowers, with a cable of bluebells. The tribute is marked as "In sorrowing remembrance of a kind and genial manager." Hundreds of others contributed, and so numerous are the floral mementoes that it was found impossible to place them all in the drawing room, in which the deceased lies, and to-day special carriages will be employed for their conveyance to Brompton Cemetery. The coffin, which is of oak, with solid brass fittings, bears the inscription, "Sir Augustus Harry Glossop Harris, born 18th March, 1852; died 22nd June, 1896."

The arrangements consequent upon his lamented death include the continuance of the opera during the present season and the production of the autumn drama.

Signor Arditi is writing his reminiscences.

Mr. Vert has arranged for Sarasate to give three London concerts in the autumn, on the following dates: October 31, November 9 and November 30, at St. James' Hall. These will take place during the provincial tour that we have already announced.

Mlle. Marcella Pregi, the great French singer, is in town for a few days.

Miss Ethel H. Reid and Miss Mildred Meade, two American girls just from Mme. Artôt's school in Paris, have just come to London.

Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, who expects to return on the Augusta Victoria early in July, has arranged to take the soprano Camille Seggard for an American tour next season. He will also take over the coming season M. Henri Marteau, the violinist.

Mr. H. M. Hirschberg has just returned to London from a trip to Berlin, and will sail for New York early in July. I give below two poems written by members of the staff



of the London edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER, on Sir Augustus Harris:

## TEARS.

In Memoriam. Sir Augustus Harris.  
Oh! fair would I the poet's pen in tears  
Deep dip, to paint in fitting lines the grief  
Of myriad hearts o'er thy reign all too brief,  
Thou King of Music, Prince amongst thy peers.

On thee the gifts that man to man endears,  
The Fates bestowed with no ungenerous hand,  
Thou friend of high and low in that fair land,  
Where Tragedy weeps and Comedy cheers.

In tears the voice of melody is stilled;  
In tears are veiled the mourning eyes of Art  
In tears the mirth of Pantomime is chilled;  
In tears the actor plays his mimic part;  
In tears the Twelfth Night loving cup is filled  
In tears we drink farewell to thy kind heart.

ANNA DE BRÉMONT.

LONDON, June 25, 1896.

## IN MEMORIAM SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Obit June 25, 1896.

Some men by Destiny are sent to teach,  
To read the story of the earth, and scale  
The heavens where the fixed stars burn, and scan  
The wonders of the Universe. To sail  
In unknown seas, new continents to find  
Again can no Columbus hope. To lead  
An Alexander's army, and to make  
Or mar a nation's history for greed  
Or glory, as Napoleon did, is not  
For piping times of peace. Why then enshrine  
In stately sepulchre and celebrate  
In song, though last of an illustrious line,  
Those only who in war, astronomy,  
The healing art, construction, have been great?  
Is it ignoble to delight the eye,  
To charm the ear; from weary brain the weight  
Of care to lift; to flood the soul with joy?  
If so, then he we mourn was nobly base!  
No poet he, yet never poet knew  
More sure than he the spirit of our race,  
And how to thrill the English heart with deeds  
Of England's heroes, in the mimic scene.  
Nor painter was he, yet before us hill  
And field, enchanted glen, the fairy queen,  
Huge dragons came and went upon the stage.  
Suns set, moons waned, stars faded from the sky,  
Bold knight in armor wooed "ye lady faire."  
This living art doth painter's brush defy.  
Musician was he neither, but what man  
Can count the pages that were silent till  
His orchestra and singers gave them life?  
Alas, that toil should such a toiler kill!  
He labored that the million might find rest—  
Of them he whispered with his dying breath.  
He took on him the load of others' cares.  
And his reward? The long, long sleep of Death!

CLARENCE LUCAS.

LONDON, June 25, 1896.

## CONCERTS.

America has just cause for pride when she sees how, without a dissentient voice, London has given eulogy to the quartet from Boston, who have during the past week created a sensation in this hypercritical world of talent. So much has been already said in the pages of this and in many other journals of the wonderful ensemble, the perfect intonation and sympathetic rendering that it is needless to repeat these phrases of admiration, although at the concert given in St. James' Hall on Monday last we felt more than ever the truth and justice of all this praise.

That the Kneisel Quartet play absolutely "con amore" struck us most forcibly. Each part is as a beautiful solo from the mind of a musician, and the result of this perfect singleness is perfection of union.

Three quartets were given: Dvorák in F, Brahms in A minor, and Haydn in G. Each of these works was interpreted with understanding and refinement, the third movement of the Haydn being a triumph of delicacy. In the modern quartets there was no want of vigor, the telling parts for 'cello and viola in the Dvorák being executed with much feeling and determination. A great deal of enthusiasm was evinced by the audience, and the quartet was repeatedly recalled at the conclusion of the program.

What delights would not become wearisome to human nature if too much of it were offered? We are constituted so that an overture, a concerto and a symphony would find us capable from beginning to end of enjoying every detail of composition and performance, and go away with that sign of contentment which contains the wish for more. It is essential that great culture and refinement show satiety; the public of the Philharmonic concerts is a highly cultured one, therefore the program was too long. Mr. MacCunn's highly pleasing overture, *Ship o' the Fiend*, opened it, followed by Mendelssohn's concerto in E, played by M. Pécskai. We have heard that great work so recently played by that great artist M. Ysaÿe that some may have found the comparison interesting; others must have felt that the extremely youthful artist will want still several years of development before he can render this concerto in all its beauty. All that we have so far heard from him justifies certainly great expectations. What would that tedious composition, *La Captive*, Berlioz, have been if not sung by that consummate artist, Camilla Landi? Herr Reisenauer played the Beethoven concerto in C minor. His limpid tone, his great repose—perhaps

too great—make his treatment of classic music very satisfactory; he gave a somewhat lengthy encore of Beethoven. The orchestra was at its best in the symphony in C. Schubert. The beauties of the work must have inspired them, and certainly Sir Alexander Mackenzie deserves much credit for closing the eighty-fourth season with a performance so thoroughly satisfactory.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi gave her first recital in the Queen's (small) Hall, and all who were there are surely looking forward to the second. Though her voice is not of particularly good quality, her singing is most artistic. A highly interesting program contained among other beautiful French and German songs, *Printemps Nouveau* (Vidal) and *Le Mariage des Roses* (César Franck), two very graceful compositions, the first so full of joy, the second so full of poetry. Mme. Blanche Marchesi renders light and graceful songs particularly well; she sung also a very quaint composition by Charpentier, *Complainte Bretonne*, which, though most artistically sang, did not suit her. Herr Heinrich Kiefer plays his instrument ('cello) with amazing technic, but why was the 'cello so out of tune in the *Moto Perpetuo*, Paganini?

The second piano recital given by Signor Gennaro Fabozzi took place on Monday evening last, when, unfortunately, Steinway Hall again presented a forlorn and forsaken appearance with its many rows of empty seats. As at his previous concert, Signor Fabozzi clearly demonstrated that he possesses a good technic and a thorough comprehension of what he plays, while the tone he produces is sweet rather than powerful.

Mr. Allnutt Boissier gave a most successful concert on Wednesday afternoon at Lord Brassey's splendid mansion in Park lane.

The Month of May, *The Land of Dreams* and *Remembered*, specially composed for Mile. Regina de Sales, Madame Vanderveer-Green and Mr. Brendon Crichton respectively, were given by these accomplished singers with delightful grace, delicacy and refinement, while Mr. Neal McCay and Mr. Charles Loder earned golden opinions by their artistic treatment of *Almost and My Ladye*, two of Mr. Boissier's songs which have already been favorably received by the public. Miss Gertrude Crompton, one of our rising young violinists, delighted the audience by her brilliant rendering of one of Sarasate's Spanish dances, while Mr. Leonard Corfe successfully challenged comparison with far older players by his masterly performance of Popper's difficult violoncello concerto in G. With these instrumentalists, Mr. Boissier was associated in Beethoven Trio in D and Haydn's Gipsy Trio, besides playing some piano solos of the romantic school, and presiding at that instrument throughout the concert, which was greatly appreciated by a large and fashionable audience.

## MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

A glorious Sunday afternoon in June is, indeed, an ideal occasion to enjoy the relaxation of music, to forget all cares, social and otherwise, including the onerous duties of a hard-worked critic, and lounge in the lap of sweet idleness, surrounded by beauty, fashion and royalty, in one of the prettiest drawing rooms in London, where the greatest artists of the season may be heard with song and instrument entertaining the hostess and her guests. It is small wonder that the privilege of enjoying Mrs. Ronald's Sunday musicales is a thing to be prized and sought after.

In fact, these charming affairs have come to be one of the institutions of London society, quite unintentionally, be it known, since Mrs. Ronalds has never made the slightest effort in the direction of establishing a musical salon, perhaps the only one in London; *au contraire*, she sends no invitations, but receives quite informally. An amateur singer herself of rare artistic excellence, Mrs. Ronalds has a passion for music in the truest sense. A keen critic, she is ever ready to appreciate genuine talent and aid it by her influence, while at the same time bestowing on the famous artists who grace her salon the most delicate species of flattery in the shape of appreciative listeners, on whom no point is lost.

Last Sunday Mrs. Ronalds had an unusually brilliant gathering of society folk, and royalty was in this instance represented by the Princess Eulalia of Spain and the royal suite. The Princess looked charming in a rose pink crêpon gown, daintily embellished in white lace. Many lovely gowns were worn, the favorite color being white, in rich Irish poplin, and roses of every hue seemed to be the prevailing taste in *chapeaux*.

The impromptu program opened with a selection for violin by a fair virtuosa, who played with remarkable skill. Then followed a delightful singing of the trio *Gratias agimus tibi*, of Rossini, by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, and a fine tenor and baritone, whose names I did not catch. Two charming singers followed, and then Mile. Blanche Marchesi sang several songs with delicious effect; nothing could be more perfect than the mezzo voice of Mile. Marchesi—it reminds one of the prolonged mellow note of the nightingale. Madame Thénard then gave some of her recitations in French with inimitable grace and humor.

After this, amid a soft ripple of applause and a rustle of satisfaction as everyone settled down to listen, M. Plançon stepped to the piano and gave two beautiful love songs from the French, in tones delightfully modulated to the room and with most charming effect. It was, indeed, a treat to the artistic sense to listen to that great artist at such close quarters, and an experience to note with what skill he managed his great voice. The Meister Glee Singers gave some of their famous selections. M. Hollman appeared. A trio of ladies gave some wonderful cornet selections, and Herr Von Dulong sang a favorite song of Tosti's, with delightful expression, and the Misses Leech rendered some of their plantation songs with banjo accompaniment, thereby giving a bright and merry ending to a rich menu of music. I could not help making comparisons, and came to the conclusion that the Misses Leech are, after all, the only real exponents of the poor old dead and gone "darker singers" in London. These smart singers have caught the true spirit of the "darker" music, no doubt, from home associations, since it is only given to the few to understand and interpret those wonderful songs of a period now passed away forever in the Southern States.

I must not forget the quaint little lady of five, Miss Margaret Morris, who gave some lovely recitations in French, and who, on being introduced to the Princess Eulalia, inquired with childish curiosity, "Are you a real princess?" to which Her Royal Highness assented. "Then where is your crown?" naively inquired the little lady. Mr. Landon Ronald, Mr. Bendall and Mr. Gans accompanied.

## OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

For some years past Mme. Melba has been making steady progress as an actress, and that she is still progressing in this now very necessary department of operatic art was strikingly shown on the 18th inst., when this popular prima donna made her first appearance this season at Covent Garden. The work chosen was Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, the music of which she has long sung to perfection. One great difficulty of Shakespeare's play when presented on the stage is the extreme youthfulness of the heroine. The part demands mature experience, and, as a rule, experience does not come to the actress until she has left her teens far behind. To look the part satisfactorily, upon which there is no denying that the success of the impersonation greatly depends, is an initial difficulty which is not always successfully overcome; for to make, say, forty look like fourteen is a mighty problem for the most gifted dresser and facial artist. The difficulty is increased in Gounod's setting of the play, for a voice fully developed and well versed in all operatic arts is demanded by the music of the part. Although it must be admitted that Mme. Melba's impersonation of the heroine looked a remarkably fine grown girl for the age specified by Shakespeare, the talented lady enacted the part with so much vivacity and cleverly made use of several girlish gestures that the assumption acquired peculiar charm and significance, and one which fully accounted for *Roméo's* sudden and ardent passion. The ear-haunting *Waltz* song was beautifully sung, and so delighted the audience that its repetition was insisted upon. Mme. Melba's vocalization in other portions of the opera was no less enchanting, notably in the very early morning scene between the recently married young people. Mme. Melba, in short, has never sung or acted in a finer manner, and the evening was for her a series of triumphs. How she got home all the baskets and bouquets of flowers which were dragged over the footlights is a puzzling question to the uninitiated. Most of them would certainly require, for their proper conveyance, a carriage to themselves, even supposing that they could be got through ordinary carriage doors. Perhaps a regiment of special carriers was provided, or, maybe, special arrangements are made with the florists who supply them. The rest of the cast was the same which appeared at a recent appearance of this opera, which has already been noticed; but it should be remembered that M. Jean de Reszké was in magnificent voice, and has probably never sung as *Roméo* with finer effect.

Mme. Melba achieved another series of triumphs on Saturday, when she impersonated the heroine in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. It is doubtful if the famous mad scene has ever been more finely sung, and the interpretation was a marvelous exhibition of beauty of vocal tone and the highest degree of executive brilliancy. Of course the audience insisted upon the lady going mad twice over, but, at any rate, there was in this instance "method in her madness." Signor Cremonini also sang with notable success as *Edgardo*, his great dramatic perception imparting more effective intensity to his delivery of the more impassioned numbers of the part. Signor Ancona also was heard to great advantage in the character of *Enrico*, and the other principal parts were capably impersonated by Mile. Bauermeister and Signori Arimondi, Ignio Corsi and Rinaldini.

On Tuesday Mme. Melba appeared in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and again delighted the audience by the perfection of her singing. One, indeed, was led to rejoice in the misfortunes of *Gilda*, since they had inspired the composer to



write for the part so many passages which displayed the rare qualities of Madame Melba's vocal abilities. Mlle. Braszi was an excellent *Maddalena*, and Mlle. Bauermeister was an appropriately neglectful nurse—*Giovanna*. Signor Ancona repeated his effective impersonation of the title rôle, singing the music very finely, and Signor Cremonini delivered the opinions of the wicked *Duke* on the fair sex with his customary intelligence and forcible intensity. But a gloom seemed to hang over the house, which all the efforts of the company could not dispel, and there seemed to be but one topic between the acts—the late Sir Augustus Harris and "the pity of it."

FRANK V. ATWATER.

### Consonating Vibrations—No. 6.

THE ONLY CONTROLLABLE ELEMENT OF VOICE.

THE seeming contradiction that the only controllable element of the vocal process is *muscles*, yet that muscles are not directly controllable, that no singer can say to himself, "I will contract or relax this or that especial muscle by the simple thought of the muscle," is easily explained when one considers the law by which all voluntary movements and efforts are made.

To borrow an illustration from Herbert Spencer, suppose you wish and intend to go through a doorway, what mental process will you perform? The mere wish will not aid you. Unconsciously, but just as certainly as though consciously, you *imagine* yourself beyond the door; you will picture yourself in the hall beyond. But this image, this "mental image"—as all such preconceived mental pictures will henceforth be called—can only be realized, materialized by the combined efforts of very many muscles, some to propel the body, others to balance the frame on the limbs and the head on the neck.

But in any case, whether the mental image calls for many muscles or for few, it is realized by the exertion of another mental faculty, the *will*. However vividly your *imagination* may form the picture of yourself beyond the door, your *will* must be exercised in order to place you there.

In this case the parts to be moved are in full sight. Before one limb can be put before the other the mental image of the member in its new position must be present, though you are not conscious of it. Here, then, is a succession of muscular efforts, each one requiring a separate mental image in order to aid in realizing the final mental image of yourself beyond the door.

Naturally, the vocal muscles respond to the mental image of a tone at a certain pitch and of a certain vowel quality. Neither the vocal parts nor their movements come to mind; that is, the singer does not consciously intend to move his tongue, palate, larynx and so on, in any particular direction, or to place them in any especial position; even the mental picture of the parts is not formed.

And if the act of singing were as functional and as invariable as that of swallowing there would be no need of such mental images and no need of a teacher. For in swallowing all the muscles concerned—and they include nearly all the larger muscles of phonation—act in just the right order of succession and with just the right degree of force. Indeed, were the order and degree changed, the act of deglutition would not be possible.

Now, it is sorrowfully true that it is very widely believed and proclaimed that the vocal process, whether for speaking or singing, is as natural a function as that of swallowing; hence that it should be left alone; that Mother Nature should be allowed to assert herself, untrammelled by arbitrary advice and enforced control.

Plausible though the argument may appear, the patent facts of the case must first be considered, and not only considered but acted upon. Were a dozen of the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER to compare the positions and movements of their vocal parts in singing, these natural laws of the vocal process would be found to be wonderfully elastic. On an average, two would find that the Adam's apple (larynx) sank below the level of the rest, six or seven that it rose decidedly, the others that it remained stationary, as would be correct. Of these twelve subjects those who had not studied would probably hold the tongue in its natural or effortless position. Nearly all who had studied would have been more or less successful in flattening the tongue, in sinking it below its effortless position;

a few would raise its tip. As for the lips, some would pout, some expose the teeth, like an irate Texas pony, others would not disturb them—but everyone would probably leave them slack. Eleven out of the twelve would expand the palatal region, or rear roof of the mouth; the twelfth one would contract it. Indeed, just such wide discrepancies would be found in the position of the jaw, of the tongue bone (hyoid) and of every part concerned in the phonetic act. Nor is the difference observed in amateurs alone. Nilsson and Del Puente hold their tongues high; Albani spreads the corners of her mouth; Scalchi holds the jaw forward; Campanini sings with a widely distended mouth; Galassi with a very narrow opening; Fursch-Madi would not allow the slightest movement of the chest; while Patti, Gerster, Lehmann, Melba and nearly all others heave the chest remarkably.

If all this is nature she is a most versatile character! The writer sends out with his circulars eleven "questions," the answers to which describe pretty fully the positions, at least, of the principal vocal parts. No two sets of answers agree; there is an astonishing variety. Yet no one can possibly deny that the changed position of any single one of the vocal parts must decidedly change the resultant tone.

And the teacher must deal with facts. There is a right way, and all other ways are wrong, even when only the positions of the parts are being studied. Now, what agency can be employed to bring the parts to their correct positions and keep them there during tone? It has already been said that the agents are muscles, that certain muscles must be compelled to contract more or less or not at all.

It is indeed certain that the reforming element must be muscles, though no single muscle can be directly controlled as a muscle. Yet indirectly but surely single pairs and smaller groups of parallel pairs of muscles may be separately controlled, separately governed during the vocal act. We are driven to this course; for, if there is a natural, a functional, phonetic process which ought to involve the artistic tone, it is honored always in the breach, never in the observance. Only one approximately perfect voice has ever entered this studio, and to that phenomenal organ pertained a milkman from Staten Island, whose lyric spirit was as mild as the beverage he vended.

The hope, the chance, for reformatory practices lies almost wholly in the fact that the same muscles that contract for voice are employed for many other functions or offices—to swallow, to suck, to cough, hack, clear the throat, to bite, to yawn, to gargle, to whisper, to hiss, to expectorate, to smile, to form consonants—and all these offices may be performed without voice, or, at any rate, without musical voice. Some of the movements of the vocal parts are performed by single muscles, or rather, by single pairs of muscles; for there is but one single muscle, the arytenoid, concerned in phonation. For instance, if you protrude the lower jaw, move it straight forward, you may be absolutely sure that you are contracting one single pair of muscles, and only that pair, the *external pterygoid*, is contracted. These are muscles of great importance in artistic singing, and very commonly they are neglected, are contracted too feebly to hold the lower jaw firm against the powerful backward pulling of many other essential vocal muscles, those of the tongue particularly. Four out of five of the readers will find their tone improved by compelling the lower jaw to bear forward against a backward push of the hand, made suddenly at the very instant that the tone is begun. Then, if the jaw is intentionally held loose, free from all effort, the weak and husky tones forthcoming will prove not only that this pair of muscles is an essential vocal agent, but also that it can be separately controlled during voice.

Another instance will show how individual control may be gained not so directly or simply but just as surely. There are two pairs of muscles fastened below to the rear borders of the Adam's apple (larynx) and above to parts of the head, one pair to the palate, one to the bones of the cranium. It is possible to gain absolutely independent control over each one of these pairs, to contract the one without the other, and, indeed, without any other muscles of the entire body. The act of swallowing includes both muscles, the next step is to contract the muscles without swallowing; the next, to blow through both mouth and nose while attempting the same non-swallowing effort. When this is mastered, it is perfectly positive that only

the muscles from the larynx to the cranium are contracting, for the other pair of muscles, to the palate, would check all flow of breath through the nostrils if they were exerted with any positive degree of force.

Let the reader pause for a moment and reflect upon the supreme advantage of such fully or nearly isolated control. This pair of muscles, from the larynx to the cranium (stylo-pharyngeal) is the most important agent of resonance; for it extends backward as well as upward from the larynx and holds the Adam's apple more firmly against the cervical spine. And this firm contact is the main cause of that harder, more ringing, more vibrant quality which must invest the artistic voice. Without the physiological knowledge of the cause the teacher is almost powerless. He can provide no strict remedies, but must depend almost hopelessly on the waning faculty of imitation. No one at the age of vocal study can wholly master a new language, although this feat requires only that the parts of the mouth's cavity shall be differently adjusted in order to favor the distinguishing overtones of the foreign vowels.

Far more strenuous is the singer's task. He must change the state, and in a large degree the positions, of the vocal parts even for his own language. For singing differs from the most perfect speaking in that it adds several efforts and intensifies nearly all the muscular efforts of ordinary address. Not only the higher range of singing but still more its greater power must be achieved by stronger contractions of all the speaking muscles and also by the contraction of new muscles. For an example, the orator speaks with lips and cheeks relaxed or with their governing muscles exerted only to find the peculiar forms or shapes for the different vowels and consonants. On the other hand, the vocalist has before him the immensely difficult task of preserving the tension of the lips and inner cheeks for all vowels, and even during the transition from one vowel to another.

Just here is the place to call attention to the one prominent makeshift seized upon by the English-speaking teachers—for no mention of it occurs in the old Italian writers, such as Tosi, Mancini and Valleria, nor in any of their professed disciples—the makeshift of the "forward tone." No one clause can be more painfully familiar to the ear of the student than the advice to "get the tone forward," to have it strike somewhere "forward." Now, these teachers really have in imagination the conception of the tone called "artistic" in these pages, but, as personal argument has often shown, they actually are so innocent of all acoustic knowledge as not to know that under the conditions imposed by the shape and size of the mouth there could be nothing more absurd than the notion that the vibratory waves of voice could be "got forward" any more than they could be got backward or sidewise or criss-cross.

That question was settled sixty years ago. The brothers Bishop, by many convincing experiments, established, or rather, discovered the law that sound spreads equally in all directions. One of their illustrating figures pictured a single central circle as the point of the origin of a sound, while other circles, whose circumference touched that of the central circle at all possible points, propagated this sound; then still other circles touched these added circles, and so on till the force of the originating oscillations or vibrations had been fully spent. This cluster of circles has no direction, no rendezvous; it spreads equally in all possible directions. Therefore, ask your teacher what new conditions to upset this law the mouth can afford, ask what he actually expects to effect by this "forward" motion. He cannot tell you. Ask Monsieur or Signor de Rialph, who empties two-thirds of his acoustically valuable cranium of the customary contents, creating this presumable vacuum "bounded by the frontal and occipital bones and a point of the upper gum" (this Tadella seems to have caught the hilarious infection) in order to resonate or reinforce the voice; who must, consistently, urge his pupils to get their tones *backward*—ask him what may be this wonderful acoustic law which first dredges the skull and then crams it with vibrations. It is too ludicrous! Verily, the moon is made of green cheese!

The teacher's conception of the artistic tone may be correct; it may be fancied by him to be brought forward. Now the all-important, because practical, question is: What does this "forward" advice tempt the pupil actually to do? "That," as Lord Dundreary used to say, "is one

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## The HUMAN VOICE PHOTOGRAPHED.

In the July number of the "LOOKER-ON" will begin a series of articles on VOICE PRODUCTION, by Dr. Floyd S. Muckey, M.D., C.M., and Prof. Wm. Hallock, A.B., Ph.D.

Dr. Muckey is a throat specialist, and an authority on the anatomy of the throat. Prof. Hallock is professor of Physics at Columbia University, and is an authority on Acoustics. By means of an instrument, invented by themselves, they have photographed the human voice; among others, the voices of the DE RESKES, NORDICA, CALVÉ, SCALCHI, ANCONA, CREMONINI, ARIMONDI.

The practical result of this investigation is to reveal errors in the prevailing methods of teaching singing and elocution. These papers, therefore, will possess incalculable value for teachers of singing, elocution, and for all who use the voice in public.

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of those things no feller can find out." The law-smitten pupil would probably try very hard to do something differently, would stiffen the jaws or force the tongue into a novel position; for these are the efforts most plainly felt and most instinctively made. Further insistence upon the "forward" tone might have the ruinous effect of slackening the muscles at the back of the mouth, particularly the palatal muscles. It would all be haphazard work, a feeling about in the dark in blind search for a freely open acoustic fact.

For this "forward" quality is caused by the tense state of all the muscular surroundings, boundaries of the vocal channel from the vocal cords to the lips. The forward boundaries are no more indispensable than the rear; all must be in that gently tense estate which will allow them to be thrown into those broad oscillations which produce the powerful consonating vibrations of artistic voice.

And what is it that brings these boundaries into this tenser state? Muscles, of course; they consist of muscles. Are they hidden from sight or touch? By no means; they may be both seen and felt, and, as is more important, may be governed with the utmost nicety and skill. What have the teachers of "singing in French" accomplished or even attempted in this invaluable regard? *Nous verrons!*

JOHN HOWARD.

**Siegfried Wagner.**—It is announced that Siegfried Wagner will be one of the conductors at the Bayreuth festival. The others will be Hans Richter and Felix Mottl.

**Verdi's New Opera.**—A late visitor to Verdi writes to the *Gazetta dei Teatri* that at the conclusion of his visit he asked permission to wait on Signora Verdi. "With pleasure," replied the master, "on one condition: that you pass through my workroom with eyes closed and look at nothing, absolutely nothing, in it." Verdi accompanied his visitor, but the latter in spite of his promise managed to see lots of paper covered with notes lying on the piano and tables, a sign that Verdi is at work on a new opera. Other indications point to the fact that Verdi is devoting himself to a new, great task.

**Ambroise Thomas' Operas.**—In France, it seems, there is a strong superstition that the operas of Ambroise Thomas bring some sort of ill luck. The Paris Opéra Comique and the Théâtre de Arts at Rouen were burned on the night of the performance of Mignon, in which, it may be recollected, a fire scene actually occurs. The Grand Opéra, Paris, was burned on the night of a performance of Hamlet, while the recent accident to the chandelier which nearly set the new theatre alight happened during the public rehearsal of Hamlet. Then M. Lassalle, before the revival two or three years ago of the same opera in London, fell from a gig, and the number of colds caught by prime donne before playing *Ophelia* are beyond count. Ambroise Thomas himself was well aware of the superstition and used laughingly to declare that he was lucky in other ways.

**A Concert in the Dark.**—Conductor Slawjanski, well known in Berlin, lately gave a concert at Ljublin, in Russian Poland, at which all the Russian inhabitants attended. The Poles, indignant that a Russian concert should be given in Polish Ljublin, induced the gas company to cut off the gas. The audience assembled at 7:30 and the hall remained dark till 8:30, when the public struck matches and tried to find their places. The greatest order was preserved, as it was seen that the Poles wished to ruin the concert. Messengers were sent in all directions; the officers of the gas company could not be found; so Slawjanski began his performance after distributing candles to the singers, while the public had to read the program by match light. At 9:30 the gas was turned on, thanks to an appeal to the governor and the chief of police.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
236 Wabash Avenue, July 4, 1900.

**TWO** roof garden entertainments and two comic operas summarize the extent of musical interest here. Little is talked except bicycles, and even the conservatories look deserted.

However, with some musicians still in town attention has been drawn particularly to the proposed new additions to the Thomas Chicago Orchestra. It is said that a chorus of 200 voices is to be an adjunct, and if this statement proves correct it has been several times remarked that the Apollo Club will not long survive. With a permanent orchestra and a permanent chorus we only want a permanent opera to be perfectly musically equipped.

Many and various are the rumors relating to the Chicago Orchestra. Several of the principal members have seceded, among others Theodore Spiering, who has been offered the concertmastership of the Pittsburgh Orchestra. He is a first-rate musician and Chicago can ill afford to let him go. An absurd rumor was abroad last week to the effect that Henry Marteau had been asked to become concertmaster of the Chicago Orchestra. Anyhow, rumor or no rumor, internal disruption has been rampant during the past two weeks. That changes are taking place is evident from the fact that Mr. Mees, who has been long connected with the orchestra, will now act as organist and accompanist in place of two widely known artists, as well as deputizing in the event of Mr. Thomas being through any reason absent. The cause of the disagreement, it is said, arises from a desire on the part of some members of the orchestra to have their salaries raised. This is no doubt very right and proper, but they are being paid in a great many instances considerably more than they would obtain in their own country, and the guarantors of the orchestral society are already financial losers. It is therefore an impossibility in view of existing circumstances to accede to the demands, and the management has acted with very good judgment in refusing to jeopardize success by promising to pay salaries which would be out of all proportion to any possible results.

The first of Calvin Cady's artist-students chamber concerts was attended by an enormous crowd of admirers, which was rewarded by a capital program well interpreted. Only three numbers were given, but three grand selections—Brahms' op. 100, for piano and violin; Beethoven, op. 90, sonata, and Beethoven, op. 70, trio for piano, violin and cello. The executants were Misses Mary L. Powers and Josephine Large, Messrs. Theodore Spiering and Herman Diestel, who all played in a manner which left nothing to be desired.

Cyril E. Rudge, who was lately appointed organist of the Presbyterian Church at Twenty-sixth street and Michigan avenue, is doing excellent work there, getting some capital work from the choir.

Miss Marie Cobb's recital was an immense success and attended by a large and fashionable audience in that

pretty suburb of Chicago, Highland Park. Here is the program:

Duet, Walzer suite.....	William
March.....	Misses Jessie Prall and Cobb.
The Fair.....	Garlist
Duo, Hungarian Rhapsody.....	Low
Solo, Reverie.....	Gayner
Duetts Prelude.....	Reinecke
Rustic Dance.....	Celeste Robinson.
Duo, La Naiade.....	Thomé
Nocturne.....	Chopin
Duo, Oriental Pictures.....	Schumann
Auf der Wiese.....	Lichner
Duo, Morning.....	Chaminade
Chaconne.....	Durand
Song of the Brook.....	Lac
Polonaise, op. 40, No. 1.....	Chopin
	Miss Besie Hall.

Emil Liebling gave the last of his lectures on Saturday, much to everyone's regret, and then with the assistance of the veteran violinist William Lewis and F. B. Webster, a good baritone singer, gave an interesting program. Both Mr. Liebling and Mr. Lewis charmed everyone with their performance of Beethoven's sonata for violin and piano.

Miss Eva Emmet Wycoff has been offered a very lucrative engagement at the Masonic Temple Roof Garden, where her refined singing will come as a delightful variation in the vaudeville entertainment which is given there.

One of the largest private collectors of violins in America has just been induced to part with his finest instrument—a genuine Stradivari of the year 1712. It is absolutely perfect and violinists are raving about this glorious instrument, which is now the property of Earl Drake, who has already been offered a considerable advance upon an investment of \$5,000. It was an heirloom in the family from whom he purchased it, and is known as one of the finest Strads in the country. With such a magnificent instrument and his own delightful method of playing Mr. Drake's success is a foregone conclusion.

Mrs. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop has now made engagements right on from now until the middle of April next. New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Denver and all the principal Californian towns are among those in which this gifted lady will sing. To-night she is star soloist at the Root memorial fund, at the Coliseum, which promises to be the most gigantic musical enterprise yet undertaken in the way of numbers.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

**Wagner Rights.**—It is reported that Ricordi, who holds the performing rights for Wagner's operas in Italy, has protested against a grand Wagner tour in the German language, projected by Angelo Neumann. No one in Berlin knows of such a project, and the report is probably an error.

**Milan.**—A new star has risen in the prima donna firmament in Milan. Mara d'Asty, a young, bright eyed Roumanian, of bewitching beauty, has created a revolution among the impresari. The musical sages of Milan declare that she is a natural phenomenon in coloratura singing, and is destined to be the successor of Adelina Patti. The lady will make her Paris debut at the beginning of the winter season, and will then undertake a long concert and opera tour in Germany and Russia.—The Dal Verme has closed its doors; it is conjectured that it will soon celebrate its twenty-fifth "busted" jubilee.



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BOSTON, MASS., July 5, 1896.

THE ninth volume of the *Journal des Goncourt* has just been published by Charpentier. Mr. Edmond de Goncourt writes this preface: "The ninth volume is the last that I shall publish while I live." But he made a similar threat some years ago, and it is not well to take him too seriously.

I understand that a polished French reviewer complains of this collection of "washerwoman's gossip," and a London paper says that the persons quoted in the ninth volume are, as a rule, of little fame and little interest, except possibly to their immediate relatives and creditors. I do not agree with these reviewers. Not that I therefore blindly admire De Goncourt. His vanity is enormous; his sense of values is slight. And yet in this ninth volume, as in those that precede it, are many diverting pages; a few that are dull, and some that are needlessly repulsive. De Goncourt's pornography is that which sometimes accompanies senility.

Let us consider to-day the gossip reported by this man of indisputable talent concerning musicians. He does not understand music, and they say he does not care for it. Nevertheless, let us hear what he has to say.

"1893, February 28—At Rodenbach's this evening we talked about the waltz, and I maintained that the nations which are waltzing nations are in the habit of skating. The French women waltz with the body in a perpendicular position, while the women of Holland and other countries, where skating is a custom, waltz with the stooping, the outward curve of a body running over the ice.

"1893, March 6—I dined at Charpentier's with a lot of musicians, all old, all ugly, all pot-bellied, all mumbling splenetically.

"1893, February 9—Raffaëlli, gay and in the vein, talks in a very amusing and technical fashion on street cries, the melopoeia of which delights and interests him, and fastens him to the heels of those crying; and he makes physiological remarks about these cries. Thus he pretends that the cry 'Tonneaux, Tonneaux' is abdominal, a bass roll à la Lablache, which does not fatigue and is a gymnastic exercise for the internal muscles, while certain nervous cries, as 'ré-pa-ra-teurs de por-ce-lai-ne,' cries produced by contractions of the throat, are likely to superinduce laryngitis.

"1896, June 28—Poor Jean Lorrain, who will undergo day after to-morrow an operation for an intestinal tumor, breakfasts and dines with friends to distract his thoughts. To-day I dined at his house and he served as a curiosity Yvette Guilbert. No, she is not handsome! Flat-faced, a nose not a bit Grecian, eyes of yellowish light, eyebrows that mount in Satanic fashion, *cheveux potassés* rolled about her head, a bust with low set breasts—this is the woman. And now there is in this woman a feverish corporeal animation, an amusing verbal vivacity. She enters, describing the famous Rougon-Macquart breakfast in the Bois de Boulogne, portraying the different categories of stunning women who were there, cutting caricatural silhouettes of speech makers, making game of Zola emotionized; a droll account which, published in a newspaper, would make a sensation. That which is original in her vivacious chaff is the enameling of her modern gags with epithets of symbolic and decadent poets, archaic expres-

sions, old verbs, like 'déambuler,' vigorously reinstated; a misch-masch, a potpourri of Parisianisms of to-day and the ancient facetious language of Panurge. When I complimented her on the intelligent manner in which she declaimed verses by Rollinat she spoke of the cool reception, and she said they cried out in the audience while she was reciting, 'Et la messe!'

"1893, August 2—Old Mrs. Clérambaud, the piano teacher of Edmée, who was well acquainted with Rossini, told us this morning that he voluntarily withdrew from the public before he was fifty, saying, with reference to the operas of Halévy and Meyerbeer, 'Behold the invasion of the Germans!' Then she told us of this skirmish between Wagner and Rossini. 'You do not understand the harmony of silence,' said Wagner. 'Oh, yes, I do,' answered Rossini, and he jotted down a fermata on a sheet of paper. Mrs. Clérambaud gave this singular information about Rossini eating—Rossini, who made himself accused of gluttony. He took from his rising until 5 o'clock p. m. only a glass of iced coffee. At 5 o'clock he necessarily ate and drank heartily.

"1893, October 24—Gala night at the Opéra; a disappointment. Truly, this house is not favorable toward the exhibition of woman's beauty. The bull's-eyes of light at the back of the boxes kill, extinguish everything, the soft brilliancy of light costumes, the bare necks; and to-day there are too many military uniforms, calling attention to the gew-gaws and preventing the standing out of women against the background of black coats.

"1893, November 9—After we left the table, Léon Daudet, with his customary intensity, began to proclaim that Wagner was a greater genius than Beethoven, and more and more enthusiastic, he swore that he was as great as Æschylus, that Parsifal equals Prometheus. Whereupon his father said that in music, which is inarticulate speech, Wagner gave him sensations as no other musician; but in articulate speech, which is literature, he knew men infinitely above Wagner, especially Shakespeare. Then Rodenbach, who was there, spoke in turn—and he spoke marvelously—declaring that the truly great are those who break away from the fashions, the enthusiasms, the epileptic infatuations of an era, establishing that the superiority of Beethoven consists in his speaking to the brain, while Wagner addresses himself to the nerves alone. And he declared that, after hearing Beethoven's music, he was left serene, but after listening to Wagner's music he left the hall aching all over, as if he had been tossed by the billows of a heavy sea.

"1893, December 18—Then little Hahn went to the piano. He played music composed by him for three or four poems of Verlaine, true poetic gems; literary music à la Rollinat, but more delicate, of greater distinction, better made than the music of the poet of Berri.

"1894, January 2—In the railway carriage, right opposite me, a man with a papier maché face, features nervously drawn, eyes mildly ironical, who from his talk is a composer of music. He was talking with a neighbor, a painter, whom I did not know, and, speaking of the French composers of the eighteenth century, he said: 'The first thought of those men was above all to express their feelings. \* \* \* Trade to them was only a servant, to our contemporaries 'tis the master, the boss.'

"1894, February 4—This evening Rollinat, who had come to deliver his music pieces to Engel, who had made an agreement by which Rollinat should furnish him with only a half dozen a year, played them to us. He said that he could never write on a table; walking in the country, he made his verses and the 'musical skeleton' of his pieces before he took them to the piano.

"1894, August 2—The musician Pugno, who dined here this evening, spoke eloquently of the little dramas in the lives of performers. At each one of his concerts he experiences the anxiety, the sickly feeling of his début; he thinks first of all of hindrances to his performance—even until he plays the last note: palpitation of the heart, nervous contraction of the forearm, the heat of the hall, which can make the piano keys sticky, a crack in the floor wherein the leg of a chair will settle. After the last piece, atrocious cramps in the stomach are the result of his emotions. But in his concerts at London, which last two hours, and at

which no one assists him, his besetting thought is the loss of memory, or, as he says, 'a black hole' in recollection.

"1895, March 8—The evening ended with la Soularde by Yvette Guilbert, in which the sayer of chansonnettes reveals herself as a great, a very great tragic actress, who wrings your heart.

"1895, August 9—The Sanctus of Beethoven, sung to-day after breakfast, inspired nervous emotions so that my eyes filled with tears. These anthems of the church sway in me the unhappiness of my past, and I, the sceptical, the incredulous, not to be bitten by the eloquence of the pulpit, feel sure that I could be converted by plain chant, or the music that is its legitimate successor.

"1895, August 25—Augusta Holmès dined to-day at Champrosay. Among the songs she sang was a legend entitled Saint-Amour; very original it was, too. The legend was told to her by a wine merchant of the Midi, whom she met by chance at a publisher's. Love is wholly in hard luck; chatelaines of the Midi, who owe him much, entreat the Pope to canonize him; they obtain the favor, and also a chapel for him in the Church Saint-Amour, where an ancient statue of a little Cupid, garlanded, might stand for the image of the new little saint. *Parolière* as well as musician—the faculties are distinct—Holmès discoursed on the quality of the verses that she sets to music; verses, she said, 'lightly in the shape of a skeleton, the flesh of which is my music.' She talked of Wagner, whom she knew when she was very young. She made him a visit, and he played the piano in a most unsatisfactory manner: \* \* \* and Wagner sang so false to the pitch that, in spite of her enthusiastic admiration, she was surprised. She also spoke of the curious infatuation of the French to-day for foreign works. Just now they play Wagner at the Opéra four times a week, and there are sixty-five French operas waiting, which will perhaps never be played."

And does all this seem to you small beer? Yet the roisters in Shakespeare's play were once grateful for, and to small beer, which at the time is the drink above all drinks. I do not say that these excerpts are educational or of great moment. But they are chosen from the gossip of a keen observer, an amazing egotist, a man who must have some agreeable qualities that are not clearly revealed in his journal or he would not number among his acquaintances so many devoted friends.

Mr. William D. Moffat, in the *Looker On* for July, discusses "a radical error" of Jean de Reszké that "mars his performance" of *Lohengrin*. "In the first act, when the signal for combat is given by the three strokes of *King Henry's* sword upon his shield, the two antagonists, *Lohengrin* and *Telramund*, face each other. There are two passes, and then *Lohengrin* (M. Jean de Reszké) raises his sword, and advancing like an angel of wrath upon *Telramund* compels him by some supernatural power to fall to the ground, vanquished. Meantime the intelligent spectator looks at his music score or libretto and reads Wagner's stage direction—'Lohengrin with a great stroke fells *Telramund* to the earth.' Then he gazes at M. Jean de Reszké's uplifted sword, and wonders what this sort of combat means, and by what authority it is so conducted."

This point is well taken, and it was taken long before Mr. de Reszké sang the part. The desire to make *Lohengrin* a mystical character, an angelic being, did not originate with the Polish tenor. For long ago Niemann as *Lohengrin* did not contend with *Telramund*; as I remember, he did not even ward off his blows. *Telramund* was slain by the mysterious power of the knight.

Now Wagner said: "It is only the mission of *Lohengrin* that is miraculous; he is a man who feels, lives, loves; his heart is moved as is the heart of any other mortal." They say Wagner did not approve of this impassability shown by Niemann, for he considered it anti-dramatic, as well as contradictory to the intimate meaning of the libretto. "Wagner wished the image of real and violent combat with *Telramund*," says Maurice Kufferath; "*Lohengrin* is strong only in his courage and his love for her whom he defends against the snares of *Ortrude*. He sets his life at stake,

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and it is because he has made this sacrifice for her, as also that of his higher existence in the region of the Graal, that he is so dolorously and cruelly afflicted by the treason of *Elsa*."

(See also Wagner's analysis of *Elsa* in Eine Mittheilung an meine Freunde.)

Kufferath adds: "Just here is the drama; and it is for this that the admirable finale, the scene called 'The Adieu,' should not be delivered in a manner uniformly mystical; on the contrary, it should be full of carefully studied nuances, according to *Lohengrin* speaking of the Graal in addressing *Elsa* and telling her his grief."

Niemann was inclined to be picturesque at any cost, and I can readily believe that he was the first to handle the duel scene in the manner justly complained of by Mr. Moffat. Was not Niemann also the first to use a swan as the crest of his helmet?

Mr. Moffat adds: "So far as the writer is able to state from a knowledge of a number of great singers who have interpreted this rôle in America, M. Jean de Resaké stands alone in this particular point, all the others carrying out the combat strictly according to Wagner's directions." But Niemann has been in this country, and if Gudehus acted the part here as he did in Dresden in '82 and '83 he threw *Telramund* to the ground by his mysterious, supernatural power. It is my recollection that Schoot committed the same error, and there was little fighting between Grünig and Popovici. I am told that Ernest Van Dyck fights lustily and wins by physical strength and skill, just as he wears no crest on his helmet.

The Pops closed last week. The attendance was good throughout the season, and the programs were interesting. Mr. Zach, as conductor, showed himself an excellent musician with an authoritative beat, but his temperament is cool; he has not the contagious spirit and good nature of Mr. de Novellis, who made himself, without effort or sacrifice to the music, a great favorite with the audiences of 1895.

Barnet's Merry Go Round enters on its last week at the Tremont this evening. The opera at the Castle Square last week was *Martha*; the opera this week will be the *Bohemian Girl*.

There was much horn playing the 4th. The quality of tone was generally coarse, and the ensemble was wretched, although the attack was ferociously precise.

PHILIP HALE.

### Boston Music Notes.

Boston, July 3, 1896.

Mr. S. Kronberg is offering prizes for six songs suitable for concert, three for soprano, to be sung by Mrs. Nannie Hands-Kronberg, and three for baritone for his own use. These songs will be sung during their concert tour next winter and will be widely heard. The prizes for the six songs amount to \$500 in all, and it is thought that composers from all over the country and perhaps some from the other side of the water will compete. Mr. and Mrs. Kronberg are passing their vacation in Boston, where they have a large number of friends. Particulars of this competition will be found in another column.

Mr. Emil Paur and family will spend the summer at Sunapee, N. H.

Mr. C. L. Staats, the well-known clarinetist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has just compiled a new method for the clarinet which will be published in the autumn. This will be the first method ever published in America by a well-known artist upon the instrument, and a large sale is anticipated. It contains studies, &c., and also a list of solos arranged and played by Mr. Staats which have never before been published. Mr. Staats has just organized a concert company called the Staats Concert Company, with Mrs. Helen Winslow Potter, Miss Gertrude A. Lovering, Miss Minna J. Gaul and Mr. C. L. Staats. The company will not be heard outside of New England, as Mr. Staats' engagements with the Symphony Orchestra prevent his playing at any great distance from Boston. In addition to this company he will also have the Bostonian Concert Company. Mr. Staats has just left town for his summer vacation and will not return until September. Besides Mr. Staats the Bostonian Company includes the names of Miss Jennie Corea, Mr. Wulf Fries, and Miss Jessie M. Downer.

Miss Anna Miller Wood is spending the summer at Newton Centre.

The recital given by Mrs. Carl Behr, assisted by her pupils, Friday afternoon, June 26, at her studio, was most successful. Mrs. Behr sailed on Wednesday, July 1, for Paris, where she will have ten weeks' study with Giraudet.

There was an informal but delightful gathering of musical people at Mr. Walter Raymond's on the evening of June 28. Mr. and Mrs. Chase, who are about to leave for a long stay and study in Paris, and Mr. Frank Nash were among the guests. Before coming to Boston to reside Mrs. Raymond was one of the leading sopranos of Denver, Col. Her sister, Miss Clara Lewis, has a fine contralto voice, and gives great promise of being a fine artist.

Mrs. Richard Wilson will present to the Kirk Street Congregational Church of Lowell an organ to cost \$3,000.

Mr. Frederick K. Brackett, who has just died, was prominent in social and musical circles. He was thirty years old, the son of Elizabeth and the late Isaac Brackett, of the Boston fire department. He was educated in the Charlestown schools, and then, after graduating from the Boston Latin School, devoted himself entirely to an advanced musical training. Subsequently he became a successful teacher in Boston. His first engagement as an organist was as musical director of the Monument Square Methodist Episcopal Church of Charlestown. Subsequently he held similar positions at the Winthrop Congregational Church in the same district, the Memorial Church at North Easton, and at the Newton Unitarian Church, resigning from this latter position early this year to come to St. John's, succeeding Arthur Sewell Hyde.

Mr. E. A. P. Newcomb finds time in the off hours of his architectural work to write songs. His two latest are *Dear Little Bairnie*, a sleep song, and *A Song of Autumn*, from rose leaf and apple leaf.

Mrs. S. B. Field, of the Huntington, will spend the season at the Oregon House in Hull, as she has done for several years.

Numerous creditors of the four stockholders of the defunct Alcazar Music Hall Company, Messrs. Bates, Bacon, Williams and Lincoln, who have been found personally liable by the court for the claims against the company, appeared before Clifford Brigham, appointed by the court a master to receive claims and report the result of the findings respecting their legality and amount. The four stockholders are held responsible to the creditors in proportion to their holdings, not exceeding the par value of their stock. The claims are of a complicated character and promise to give Mr. Brigham some knotty problems to solve. In one case the claimant is an artist who made models for the plasterer who was working for a sub-contractor, who received his contract from the contractor who had a contract for the completion of a part of the contemplated and partly erected building.

**Expressive Word Play.**—Some of the London papers have baptized Lola Beeth, of the perpetually distressing vocal quiver, Mlle. Tremolo-lola Beeth. Nicknames or ridicule, it is to be feared, can have no influence upon the vicious vocal method of this unfortunate lady, whom, nevertheless, the English insist upon finding a satisfactory artist.



**Salvationists and Non-Sympathizers.**—A section of the Salvation Army at Hoboken, N. J., were disturbed in their public singing meetings last week by a noisy faction who set up in opposition to their ardent hymn the ditty *You Can't Play In My Yard*. Police intervention treated both sides alike, causing Salvationists and scoffers to "move on."

**A New Agency.**—L. M. Ruben, of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, who for several years has been the manager and agent for a number of distinguished opera and concert singers, has, in connection with Mr. Clarence Andrews, opened a musical exchange and agency, with branch offices in Milan, Berlin, Paris and London. The firm will direct the business and concert tours of several foreign artists of note with whom they are now negotiating.

**The Beckers Away.**—Mr. and Mrs. Gustav L. Becker left for Raymond, N. H., last Monday to spend their summer vacation. Mr. Becker will devote himself to developing his methods of improved teaching and to the completion of several large compositions which his past busy season has prevented his doing. A few of Mr. Becker's most talented and ambitious pupils will accompany him to pursue study throughout the summer under his excellent tuition.

**Organist Causes Arrests.**—Frank L. Outrey, organist of the Slavonian Catholic church, Passaic, N. J., has had three men arrested on a charge of criminal libel. An entertainment having been planned to clear off a portion of the church debt, the three arrested men offered their entertaining services free, and requested Outrey to assist by doing the same thing. The organist refused, whereat unpleasant things were said and liberally circulated, so as to induce the present action. The case awaits the grand jury.

**Arditi's Memoirs.**—The memoirs of Luigi Arditi, the veteran conductor, announced some time since in the columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER, are being written with the assistance of Miss Antoinette Kingston, daughter of Beattie Kingston. Arditi declares that his best ideas come to him during the night, but he either forgets them or finds himself incapable to execute them next morning. The book will form a most interesting compendium of anecdote covering operatic and other musical history for a full half century.

**Music Teachers' National Association.**—The M. T. N. A. puts forth a tempting prospectus this season, its eighteenth annual meeting taking place at Denver, Col. All meetings and exercises will be held at Trinity M. E. Church, beginning July 7. Concerts and other entertainments will include the following artists:

Pianists—W. Waugh Lauder, Miss M. Ralston, E. R. Krosger, Mrs. N. S. Stevenson, C. A. Freyer, Carlos Sobrino, C. Kunkel, Albino Gorno, Anna Thrauer, A. T. Epstein.

Vocalists—Mark C. Baker, Miss Jennie Thistle, Frederick Howard, Miss Mabel Haas, Wyatt McGaffey, Mrs. H. M. Robinson, Mlle. Runge-Jaenke, Albert Thiera, Mrs. Carlos Sobrino, Miss May Adson, Organists—Dr. J. H. Gower, Harrison Wild, W. S. Sterling, J. W. Andrews.

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### THE OPERATIC SITUATION.

THERE is a peculiar pregnancy at this present juncture in the situation of opera in New York, the more noteworthy since a few short weeks ago the likelihood of any opera whatever next season, excluding Damrosch, was a something quite far up in the clouds.

After this wrench to our musical feelings comes the announcement of readjustment, with Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau at the Metropolitan, insuring a continuance there of regular opera; simultaneously Mapleson issues through his American manager his final decisive bulletin announcing a positive season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music, to open in October, and to emphasize the sudden activity and importance of New York as an operatic centre Mr. Maurice Grau, its leading impresario, is mentioned as the probable successor of Sir Augustus Harris in London.

A week may evolve some certainties. Plans and rumors in the operatic world are always thick, often baseless, and need sifting before discussion. Reckoning without the host is no uncommon proceeding, and the lapse of apparently sure operatic schemes would occasion nobody any surprise. The metropolitan season is beyond peradventure secured. Concerning other plans and rumors we reserve opinion for the present.

Meantime some views of Mr. Wm. Steinway, the most competent as he is among the most influential of authorities in the American world of music, will be found on another page of this issue.

### THE "STAR" EVIL.

THE New York Sun of June 30, in a paragraph dealing with the "star" system, writes as follows respecting what has been our steady proclamation within the past few months.

"But New Yorkers care only for the stars, and as long as a singer is not one of the stars he or she may not expect to make any great impression or gain any special following. It is just that which leads the older impresarios to maintain that what is known as the 'star system' is the only system on which opera can be successfully given in this country, as it is the one above all others which the public desires, and the one to which it is accustomed. A musical journal [THE MUSICAL COURIER] in combating this view of the question has gone exhaustively into the matter, and has about proved its assertions that the singers are the only persons who ever make money under such a plan. Taking a list of impresarios who have imported singers to this country and sent them back rich from the labor of a few months, it finds none who has profited enough to be even in comfortable circumstances. Thousands of dollars have passed through their hands, but only the singers were allowed to retain any of it. The truth of this proposition is just as apparent to-day as it ever was."

Its truth is most positively apparent and its evil a crying one against which THE MUSICAL COURIER has initiated and will most strenuously maintain a crusade. The end may not be compassed within a season or two. Convulsive changes are never of any radical value. But the change will be steadily fought for and will eventually be accomplished if opera is to continue a consistently prosperous institution in this country. Claim for this change is based upon rational principles, and, like all issues so fought for the finality, if disintegration does not ensue, must necessarily be one of resolution in equity.

There is in question a triple justice. The division of expenditure and gain in the operatic score has to be rationally adjusted between three parties, the artists, the management and the public. Artists should have their lavish reward by all means, but this must be gauged with an honest, intelligent consideration for the capacity of the public purse which pays to hear them, and for the lawful remuneration of a management. The apparently extravagant emolument of singers is not urged against—divine gifts have unique rights—except in so far as it ex-

cludes the public, embarrasses managements and thereby paralyzes the entire situation.

Opera to succeed must be placed within reach of the average public, and must allow managers freedom from financial strain and a fair and just amount of profit. With these essential points secured the situation will leave recompense handsome and tempting enough for any corps of singers in the world.

For such an issue THE MUSICAL COURIER will steadily and strenuously maintain its fight. The wasteful excess in the payment of artists up to the present is but the key to the larger evil. It is the retard in operatic growth caused by the prohibition against hearing opera—a prohibition caused in its turn by the unreasonable sums paid operatic stars—which forms the primary stimulus for musical war. Our war side does not propose to lay down arms until its end has been won. That it may come through capitulation is fully two-thirds likely.

### WEBER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Der Freischütz at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, has recalled the fact that the evening of triumph for the work was one of bitter disappointment to the composer. It was understood that if the piece were successful Weber was to be called to the post of Capellmeister of the Berlin Opera, a place which he desired only too eagerly. The performance of Der Freischütz was a triumph beyond the hopes of the composer and his friends; the whole audience was full of enthusiasm for the new genuinely German work. But although Weber was willing to accept the situation of second Capellmeister under Spontini the nomination never came. A too zealous friend, Fr. Forster, was the marplot; at the end of the performance during the loud acclamations of the audience calling for the composer some small printed sheets were thrown down on the crowd. They contained some verses very laudatory of Weber, but decidedly uncomplimentary to Spontini, the all-powerful.

Weber, who, like everybody else, knew the influence of Spontini, felt at once that he must abandon his cherished hope. At the banquet given after the performance by his friends he appeared sad and depressed, and tried in vain to dry the tears of his wife, who had fondly looked forward to a life in the Prussian capital. Weber endeavored by a public statement to parry the blow delivered by his thoughtless friend, but in vain, as Spontini held to the conviction that the demonstration was the work of Weber himself. Spontini's enmity, however, did not injure the success of the opera, which was performed fifty times in Berlin during the next eighteen months, and the then intendant offered the composer an additional honorarium of 100 thaler, which Weber satirically declined for the sake of the "first German art institution." The honorarium, which was paid in two installments, was, according to Weber's accounts, 80 Friedrichs d'or. After Weber's death his relatives received the whole receipts of the ninety-ninth performance, 1,912½ thalers, and a performance on December 26, 1840, produced for the widow 100 ducats.

### NETHERLANDS MUSIC FESTIVAL.

HAARLEM was lately the scene of the music festival of the Netherlands, while the famous Maatschappij tot bevordering der Toonkunst held its sixty-seventh annual meeting. This society for the promotion of musical art is a union of the leading cities of Holland for the cultivation and diffusion of music, and to its exertions the Netherlands owe their concert system, which is, in its way, perfect, or even ideal. The meeting of the delegates from the various cities of the union took place at the Hotel Scholten, in Haarlem wood. The chorus and orchestra of the festival comprised 500 singers and 157 instrumentalists. The festival director was W. Robert, of Haarlem.

The program of the three days' performances and the list of artists were international. Holland was represented by Jan Meschaert, the famous basso; Orello and Rogmans, from Amsterdam; Marie Luening, of Rotterdam, and others; France, by the tenor Edouard Dequesne; by Eleonore Blanc, who had such success as Leonore in Fidelio at the Paris Opéra House, and by Gabriella Wietrowitz, the violinist. Frau Maria Wilhelmj, of Wiesbaden, was the only representative of Germany. The first day of the festival was devoted to The Messiah of Händel, which has rarely been performed so nobly as in the great church of Saint Bavon, which was crowded with an audience of 5,000 persons. The organ of Saint



Bayon's has about 8,000 pipes and seventy-eight registers, and was long regarded as the largest in the world. On this occasion it was played by the virtuoso, W. Ezerman. The grand choral mass, the excellent orchestra, and the quartet of vocalists produced a marvelous effect.

The second day was given up to French music. In the great concert hall of the society was performed Vincent d'Indy's Song of the Bell, a dramatic legend in a prologue, and seven tableaux, for soli, chorus and orchestra. D'Indy belongs to the young French school of music, but his work is, all through, penetrated by the influence of Richard Wagner. The French artists, especially those mentioned above, displayed great taste, temperament and ability. The Dutch chorus sang the French text with perfect clearness and correctness of pronunciation, and the same tribute may be paid to their singing of The Messiah on the previous day and in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on the next day, when their German was perfect.

The third concert began with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and closed with a repetition of the great Hallelujah chorus from The Messiah. Between these extremes came miscellaneous numbers. Meschaert rendered admirably the *wahn* monologue from the Meistersinger; Marie Wilhelms gave songs by Schubert, Brahms and Loewe, and her performance of the latter's Niemand hat's gesehen created such applause that she had to repeat it and add R. Strauss' Ständchen. Eleanore Blanc on the same evening sang airs by Dubois and Massenet. The whole festival was a great success.

#### OPERA IN ENGLAND.

THE London *Daily News* of June 26 prints the following article on "The Future of Opera," which embodies much of the speculation expressed in last week's issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER as to the future of operatic affairs in England. It further recapitulates much of what THE MUSICAL COURIER has continuously expressed with reference to the uncertainty of managerial prosperity under the existing conditions of overpaid stars. Foreign exaggeration in this regard, however, as compared with American extravagance, seems to be hardly worth the notice; nevertheless, excessive salaries are there adduced as a leading cause of failure:

The future of opera in this country has, beyond question, become complicated by the sudden death of Sir Augustus Harris. It is, of course, quite possible that the sad event only expedited matters. M. Jean de Resaké had, it is said, fully made up his mind to retire after next season, and to settle down with his future bride on his Polish estate; so that whether Sir Augustus, with his constantly increasing salary list, would have cared to continue the enterprise without the great tenor may be a question. Also, as we understand, some of the other artists' contracts expire this year, and Sir Augustus' tenancy of Covent Garden comes to an end next March. But these facts still affect the present situation. Government by a committee of subscribers is of course impracticable, for even if the subscribers were willing to put down the large capital required, the thing would inevitably result in government by prima donna. The friends of opera therefore not only have to find a manager of ability and capital, but have to make sure that he will be able to secure the lease and that the artists will sing for him at a fair price.

The ground lease of Covent Garden, granted by the Duke of Bedford to the late Mr. F. Gye, now has fifty-two years unexpired, but the duke has resumed possession of the Floral Hall, formerly part of the property, and the ground rent is thereby reduced to about £600. Mr. Gye mortgaged the house to the late Mr. Montagu, who foreclosed, and let it to Sir A. Harris on short leases, the last being for two years expiring next March, at a monthly rent, as we are informed, of £582. Included in the rent are the use of the box hangings and other decorations, and music, scenery, dresses, &c. (in a rummage made about two years ago were found nearly 4,000 pairs of boots), for about sixty operas. Mr. Montagu, or rather Mr. Faber, who recently inherited the property, pays the ground rent, insurance (about £1,300 a year), and the salaries of the custodian, music librarian and permanent stage hands. Mr. Montagu made no secret of the fact that he was willing to sell the whole property at a price, and at one time it was reported that the Duke of Bedford was willing to buy, in order to enlarge Covent Garden market, for fruit salesmen pay higher rents than theatrical managers. The duke, however, had a warm admiration for Sir Augustus, and for his sake even postponed for seven years the inevitable demolition of Drury Lane. But there is now no reason why he should not endeavor to come to terms with Mr. Faber, and if ever he does so the wealthiest city in the world will be without an opera house.

That operatic management is a very delicate and highly speculative affair is well known. It is much the same all over the world. Whether it is true that the love of opera is limited to a few, or whether opera is being killed by the ever rising salaries of the artists, it is, nevertheless, a fact that no foreign opera house can support itself without a subsidy, while even then in Germany and Austria there is frequently a deficit, which has to be defrayed by the monarch. In New York the opera is subsidized by the stockholders, although even there the managers have recently suffered a check, while in Paris the management, although they have to pay the *droits des pauvres*, are rent free, and have a subvention of £39,000 annually. In London Sir

Augustus Harris had a fine subscription list, but otherwise was bound to rely upon his own resources.

The ups and downs of operatic life are proverbial. Mr. Delafield lost £98,000 in one year at Covent Garden, while, as the result of the "coalition" season of 1860, there was a profit of £22,000 in three months. In the six years immediately preceding the death of Frederick Gye the profits were sworn at an average of over £15,000 a year. On the other hand, Sir Augustus admitted a loss of £16,000 on his first season with the De Resakés, although he got it all back next year; while during a subsequent season on a turnover of £80,000 the profit and loss just balanced itself. Speculation with these high figures is obviously not for everyone, and the matter is further complicated by the fact that the performing rights in some of the most popular operas of M. Jean de Resaké's repertory are claimed by Sir Augustus and his executors. During the next few months, therefore, we shall doubtless hear many rumors that this or that manager has taken up the enterprise; but the new man will be difficult to find, for he will not only have to possess capital and ability, but will also have to satisfy the artists, the subscribers, Mr. Faber and Sir A. Harris' executors.

#### BETWEEN SEASONS.

IT is the dullest, heaviest, slowest period, this of midsummer, and by cursed fate this time the humidest period of the year. There is never an absolute rest in the musical world, because the moment—or before it—that activities cease speculations and projects begin, and we are bid to look forth and gird our armor, firm, well polished and critical, for what the next season may bring forth.

There has been more chance for respite this past season than in a decade preceding. For some particular reason or other things did not, after the usual manner, flicker out; they went out abruptly with a puff. The concert season closed, and we did not realize it. Where were those forlorn, hapless entertainments of former years, given with a fatuous expectancy of being able to clutch flying skirts and coat tails, and pin them down in straggling sparseness and suppressed revolt to listen to hot night piano duos and devitalized vocal trios. There literally has not been one this season. The last concert giver issued his program at a date when even the calendar did not point to days being ripe for exodus to the country, aside from the influence of the tardy season which has barely suggested summer within the past week or ten days, and which, in all reasonableness, might have served to prolong matters.

The musical round, however, is peculiar in its exertions. When it has abundant room to circulate and fatigue itself it complains. Given abundance of the best music it revolts against overwork. Given a situation of dead calm, like the present, it cries out against stagnation. The one thing for the genuine habitué of music places which should effectually seal up complaint would be the complete shutting down of all music, music of any grade, sort or description supposed to appeal even vaguely to his intermittent attention during the summer months. After all, he never gets this; he gets enough music all summer long to fret his ambitious nerves and pique his appetite, and much as he may ever have suffered from mental exhaustion and from indigestion, so long as he may taste the food at all he groans and murmurs against the impoverished quantity and quality of the supply. "Too much" is bad; "too little" he finds worse. "Nothing" would be a relief in which he might find a rare recuperative virtue, but he never gets the chance to experiment on "nothing," and with something dull, flat and unprofitable forced upon him at this present dreary juncture he complains, even like a starving, of the dearth and dullness of the music which reigns.

There was something to be thankful for in the early and emphatic close of the season. The hanging on of concert givers to the hope of gathering an audience after audiences were all flying or fled and the spinning out of matters into the dog days has been hitherto a matter as bothersome as profitless. In the language of the good book "it is truly just, right, meet and available" that we should express gratitude for the wisdom which has inspired the change of situation.

There has also been something to be grateful for in the slightly better genre of comic opera offered this summer than heretofore. The so-called "novelties" in the shape of stillborn home productions which have sometimes been saved to tempt the late season opera-goer have been a constantly trying mistake. How much better is it and has this present season proved it to be to revive standard favorite operas like those of Gilbert and Sullivan, with a cast of level competence, and give the public something it has at least at one period of its life found thoroughly enjoyable? The public is getting tired of putting on its best bonnet and dress coat for a "new" performance

which it afterward rebukes itself for having paid for. So long as the new composer fails to bring forth something of lasting value in light or comic opera—we will change the mode of expression and say something which the public may show disposition to lastingly like—it has been frequently and disastrously exposed that the term "new," if not upheld by intrinsic and popular virtue, is bound to deal a death-blow not only to the case in question itself, but to the whole cause of comic opera in general. The public has now received so many harsh disappointments and checks to its comic opera enthusiasm that the incomparative section of it—which is the larger among the ticket buying clientèle—begins to forget that there is any virtue left in comic opera whatever, that there was ever originally any, or that any may ever be looked for in the future.

In such a deplorable crisis the judicious task of reviving certain operas which form the apogee of a significant comic opera career, such as that of Gilbert and Sullivan, is eminently welcome. The eternal search after something new is laudable in itself so long as it conduces to ambition and progress, but where the love of novelty fails to inspire anything of veritable worth, and where "new" and "retrograde" in any special groove of art grow to be synonymous terms, it behooves the public in that particular groove to pin hard and fast their faith to the best in the old and the tried which have first secured their affections, lest through unworthy succession they may let their belief in the entire structure lapse. There has been so much of comic opera lately, so many musical comedies and other illegitimate offspring of a sound parent twig, which in themselves were utterly devoid of any inherent value that a large mass of the public have been reluctantly reaching the opinion that true comic opera is dead, that the name is a synonym of failure except in unique cases, and then where are they to divine these cases in advance?

The sheet anchor, therefore, of first captains in the craft is a good thing to see once in a way again as a renewer and bracer of public belief. We have had very level, creditable performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas this season in New York, sufficient to satisfy and keep alive the popular taste for a pure form of comic opera, which sadly needs continuity. The replacement of flimsy, tawdry novelties by honest, intelligent revivals of such operas as Pinafore, Mikado, &c., is refreshing. Such works, complete in their genre, were only shelved in the first case to make room for what it was to be hoped after generous precedent might prove worth successors.

Few have proved worthy, but inclination has been to let the new, still the newer, and yet again the newest try. Public patience, where a craze exists like that for comic opera, is large and will stand long and ample experiment. The comic opera experiment, however, has proved somewhat too exaggerated, and in its pursuance has incurred the double risk of destroying public enjoyment and the existence of comic opera as a permanent artistic institution at one and the same time.

The vox populi, even though not inspired by criticism and education, is all-potent and influential. It tells conclusively in crude terms the standard reached by comic opera to-day as differing from that of fifteen or twenty years ago. At that time genuine comic opera in its various schools was in the lustiness of its early, sturdy growth or its ripe, flourishing development. We had Suppé, poet-musician of the gentle passions, with his atmosphere of Germany; we had the king of his type, Offenbach, in France, exhalant in every phrase the chic, the brilliancy and esprit of Paris and the boulevard; and we had Gilbert and Sullivan in England, twins who betook themselves aboard an English man-of-war, to Venetian canals or to Japanese courts and palaces with rare and delightful verisimilitude, as well as versatility. Then did the vox populi break forth confidently. "A new comic opera, delightful; let us go." Nowadays we may hear it on all sides, "A new comic opera, no; they're all bad; I don't care to try it." With room for that exception which proves the rule, we may accept this as the fair comment on a bad situation.

Therefore to have the courage of taking composers down from the shelf when there are none to replace them is a merit in itself, and New Yorkers have had some mitigation in this summer hearing comic opera, which if not new, is certainly not banal, and which followed on a considerably early close in the concert world.

Light and comic opera in German for the Germans



exists in the usual fashion at the Lexington Avenue Opera House and has been well diversified this season by the first American production of Strauss' Waldmeister and Suppé's Das Modell. This feature bases the more genial survey of summer music which New York presents this season.

More roof gardens than ever are in working order. The old are all open and two new ones have been added. Here the band with a pound of scarlet brass to an ounce of string ploughs its merry way. The brass is redder than the sun, and of a hotter timbre than furnaces in winter, but the preponderant way in which it blares out and accentuates simple rhythms, particularly those of "two step" and triple order, is wonderfully magnetic to a large number of seat buyers. And then Seidl is at the beach in excellent trim if one wants to escape briefly from offices and streets.

Enough this and to spare for the average, yet the arduous musician who has stayed at home putting off Europe till next year dreams of the season at Covent Garden, of the phalanx of soloists London gathers during the hot months, of the later tag end of the season he missed during May and early June in Paris, and of Bayreuth in July. He moans and groans about stupidity, stagnation and insupportable dullness, forgetting all his exhaustion from the season of 1895-6, and forgetting that straight before him a season of relentless activity, the season of 1896-7, is marching with hurried feet, and that before he may have realized how to drag himself out of the tedious summer slough of complaint a harness will have dropped upon his shoulders which may take the full strength of his mind as well as body to carry.

For it is now woefully inactive and stupid, but there is abundant activity ahead.

#### BEHIND THE SCENES.

**A** CURIOUS case is before the courts in Paris. The plaintiff, M. Lebaigue, is suing the Opéra House management for the acknowledgment of his right to go behind the scenes in virtue of the purchase of a life ticket from the dramatic author Jules Barbier. It may be mentioned that, in accordance with the terms of the treaty passed between the management of the Opéra and the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques, every author and composer who has had a work produced there should have a life entrance to the theatre, both before and behind the scenes. The author or composer of twelve acts produced there has a right to a second life entrance, which is transferable and which remains valid until the death of the person to whom it is transferred in the event of the latter surviving the author or composer from whom he obtained the ticket.

M. Jules Barbier sold his second life entrance to M. Lebaigue for 3,000 frs. A letter written by M. Barbier has been produced by the defendants, in which he says that in selling the ticket he did not understand that he also sold a right to go behind the scenes. If he had understood that such a right remained attached to the ticket he would have asked 15,000 frs. for it.

M. Lebaigue, however, considered that in buying M. Barbier's ticket he also bought all the rights and privileges which M. Barbier enjoyed. On being refused admission behind the scenes, he brought the present action.

The Ministre Publique came to the conclusion that the state regulations of the Opéra were opposed to the concession by the management of any such right as that claimed by M. Lebaigue.

We should like to learn from M. Barbier the reasons for the 12,000 frs. difference between admission to the auditorium and admission behind the scenes. Does the latter involve an introduction to the young ladies of the ballet? M. Lebaigue is evidently neither a composer nor an author; perhaps he is one of those music lovers who patronize artists who wish to succeed *par la voie de leurs charmes* rather than by *les charmes de leur voix*, to quote Auber's saying of his pupils.

**Ogden Crane at Asbury.**—Mme. Ogden Crane, the prominent vocal teacher, has opened a studio at Asbury Park, N. J., where she will be in attendance for a limited number of pupils on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**Clara Krause.**—Miss Clara Krause, the Berlin pianist, for the past three years of the Chicago College of Music, left for Europe on July 2 in company with Professor Xaver and Mrs. Scharwenka, and will remain throughout the winter to fill several concert engagements.



HOW WIDOR PLAYED AT ST. SULPICE.

**O**F course I don't mean an entire night at Maxim's, because the place isn't alive until midnight. It closes its doors at dawn or midday just as circumstances order.

I was sitting in the parterre at the Grand Opéra when Churchill crowded past me. His name isn't Churchill, but it will do here. He is a young American composer studying in Paris. He had the orchestral score of *La Valkyrie* under his arm, so I rejoiced when he sat beside me.

I never knew how absurd Wagner could be when gallicized, so naturally enough I was thirsty after the curtain fell, leaving *Brunhilda* sleeping automatically on the steam-and-fire rocks of Walkure-Land, with Wotan humming sonorously in the middle distance.

Back of the Opéra, just at the junction of the streets called Gluck and Halévy, is the Café Monferino. Therein may be discovered the best Pilsener beer in all Paris. Naturally I discovered the beer when I was in this delectable town of wine, woman and song a few hours, so I asked Churchill if he was athirst. He said he was, and soon the beer of Bohemia was before us in big steins.

For two hours we talked Wagnerian tempi, and it was two hours after midnight when we were told that no more beer could be procured.

"Let's go to Maxim's," said Churchill.

"Any place in Paris," I answered, thirstily, meaning any place where recollections of Wagner could be drowned in amber, as is the fly of fable.

So we drove to the Rue Royale and to Maxim's, which is not far from the Place de la Concorde.

As we forced our powerful personalities through a mob of men, women, waiters and crashing, furious music I said to my inner man:

"Lo, art thou in Arcady!"

Churchill, who knew the place well, soon spied a table surrounded by a gang of young fellows all yelling "Constant, Constant!"

I wasn't foolish enough to fancy that this combination of imprecation and cajolement meant a principle, yet I couldn't at first locate Constant. I was speedily introduced to six of my countrymen, hailing mostly from New York, and after solemnly bowing and staring suspiciously at their friend Churchill, they quite as solemnly shook hands one with the other, and yelled in unison "Constant!"

And again I rejoiced, for I knew in my heart that I had met the right sort.

Then appeared Constant, known to all good Americans, and as he bowed his round, sleek, handsome head for the order I tried to untangle the frilliant delirium about me. In front of me waltzed furiously a red-headed woman who looked as if Cheret had just thought her out on a big salacious poster. She sprawled, she slid, she wallowed in mid-air and the Hungarian band vertiginously played on.

The red-headed one had in tow a small fellow whose eyes bulged with joy and ambition. He possessed the largest lady in the building, and what more could one expect?

The Hungarian band was a wonder. It ripped and buzzed with rhythmic rubato rage and tore Wagner passion to tatters. It leered, sang; swooned, sighed, snarled, sobbed and leapt. Its leader, a dark gypsy with a wide, bold glance, swayed as he smote the strings with his bow, and I was quite hurt when

he went about afterward, plate in hand, collecting thankful francs.

At tables sat women and men and women. The moral tone was scarlet, but the toilettes were admirable. Occasionally there strayed in a party of tourists, generally British. They fled in a moment if they had their women folk with them, yet I saw nothing actually objectionable and not a trace of high kicking. The whole establishment simply overflowed with good-humored devilry, and there was that scarlet moral tone. It was unmistakably scarlet, and as the night wore apace it became a rich carmilion!

Churchill suddenly cried aloud and our table ceased singing.

"Let's get a room with a piano."

"Constant! Constant!" we howled, and soon the active, indispensable Constant conducted us upstairs to a finely furnished apartment, in which stood a mean-looking upright piano. Beer had become a watery nuisance, so champagne was ordered, and my voice trembled as I gave the order, for I knew Young America in Paris, and we had already absorbed enough to float a three-masted sloop. Constant left us with a piteous request not to awake Napoleon in his stony palace across the river, and then Master Churchill, who is an organist, sat down to the instrument, and without any unnecessary prelude began playing—what do you suppose?

Oh, only negro melodies, and then those boys started in to sing and dance with frantic and national emotion. A bearded fellow, who wore his hair and whiskers *à la Capoul*, sang Irish songs with an accent that any song and dance comedian of Tony Pastor's would have envied. He is a pupil of the Beaux Arts, but it was his Saturday night off, and he proposed to spend it in American fashion. Two young men students at the Sorbonne got together and "said" some cold, classic things from Racine, but broke into a wild jig when the stirring measures of that sweet African lyric, *My Gal, My Gal, I'm Goin' for to See*, sounded.

We fought double handed; we had improvised tugs of war with a richly brocaded table cloth serving as a rope. We galloped, we pranced and we upset furniture, and every time a dark eyed boy said in a fragile voice: "Oh, do let's have some ladies, I want to dance," we smothered him in the richly brocaded table cloth. It was not a time for scarlet blandishments, but the hour for stern, masculine rioting, and accordingly we rioted.

I have since marveled at the endurance of Churchill who braved the ivory teeth and cacophonous bark of a peculiarly "rotten" French piano.

Once when I asked him to resign his post and give my aching fingers a chance he refused. But he was pulled from his place and a magnum of wine was poured down his neck. Then I sat down and started, oh! so bravely, with a study of Chopin. Darkness supervened, for I was ruthlessly lassoed by that awful avenging table cloth and dragged over the floor by the strong arms of seven Americans full of rum and rebellion.

At the present writing I am nursing three violet-colored bruises, a triple testimony to the Chopin-hating phalanx of the Beaux Arts and Sorbonne.

We relaxed not for a second in our athletic endeavors to chase merriment around the clock. After ten big and cold bottles a new psychical phase manifested itself. For rage and war's alarms was substituted a warm, tender sentimentalism. We cried to the very heavens that we were all jolly good fellows and that no one dared deny. Constant came up a half dozen times to deny it, but corks, crackers, napkins and vocal enthusiasm drove him from the room. Only when the two young men from the Sorbonne (one a son of a distinguished American jurist) went out upon the balcony and told, in stentorian tones, the budding dawn and a lot of coachmen that France was a poor sort of a place and America God's own country, then did the counsels of the trusty Constant prevail and order was temporarily restored.

But the glimpse of awkward daylight told on our nocturnal nerves. Our inspiration flagged and a beer thirst set in, and beer meant dissolution, for some



among us were no lovers of the fruit which grows in breweries; besides that, the pace began to kill.

Our maestro Churchill came to the rescue. Drinking a celery glass full of wine he sat down before the little dog house—I mean the piano—and began with deep feeling those mystically intense measures of the prelude to Tristan and Isolde.

Another psychical storm—the last—arose. The jesting, hullabalooing, rough horseplay ceased, and a genuine delirium set in. Wagner's music is for some people emotional catnip at times. These boys wriggled and rolled and chaunted, and enjoyed to the full vibratile opium charged harmonies.

Wagner was our Waterloo.

Maxim will stand anything but Wagner. Churchill proved a master trance medium, and as 6 o'clock sounded we tumbled down stairs and into the daylight.

Eight American citizens blinked like owls and a half hundred coachmen hovered about us.

It was a lovely Sunday morning. Huge blocks of sunlight, fanned by soft southern breezes, slanted up the Rue Royale from the Place de la Concorde.

A solitary woman stood in the shadow of a doorway. Her elaborate hat, full of fantastic dream flowers, threw her face well into shade. Her costume was rich, her style eminently Parisian. Yet she stood in shadow and waited.

Her eyes were black wells of regard and her mouth sullen, cruel, crimson. Her jaw was animal and I faintly recalled the curious countenance with its blending of two races.

"It is the Morocco woman," said one of the boys.

It is the "woman from Morocco" they all repeated shudderingly and we moved across the street.

I never found out who she was, this mysterious and sinister Woman of Morocco.

After two of the crowd narrowly escaped arrest for trying to steal a sentry box we got into a carriage and told the driver to seek for beer, anywhere, any place, at any cost, beer.

The Madeleine looked gray and classically disdainful as we turned into the grand boulevards, and in the full current of the sunshine we lifted up our voices on the summer air and told all Paris how happy were we.

At Julian's we stopped. Up two heavily carpeted flights of stairs we traveled to find only banality. There were a few belated nighthawks of scarlet plumage who preened as we entered, but we were Sons of Morning and sought not Aviaries of the Night.

No beer, but lots of coffee. Of course we scorned such chicory advances and once more reached the open after numerous expostulations. Our coachman, who had been with us since we left the Café Monferino, began to show signs of wear and tear—especially tear. He had had a drink every quarter of the hour.

Yet did he not weaken. Only whispered to me that every place except the churches was bolted, and this too, despite the fact that the name of Raines has not been heard in the land.

We had melted from eight to six not absolutely reliable persons, so we hated to give in. After some meditation the coachman called out encouraging words to his rusty old horse and then I lost my bearings, for we drove up side streets, back alleys leading into other back alleys, up tortured défilés and into empty, open, clattering squares.

At last we reached a café bearing on its fore front the information that the establishment was a rendezvous for coachmen.

Alas! it was too late to pick our company; besides, our withers were still unwrung and the general sentiment of the crowd was that to the devil justly belonged the hindmost. We pell-melled into the building and found indeed a choice gathering.

Coachmen, cocottes, broken-down English and Americans, the ragtag and bobtail, the refuse, the veriest sloop of Parisian humanity found we, and our entrance was received with a shout.

Degraded Paris knew a "good thing" when it hove into view. We looked like a "good thing," but we weren't; we were quite exclusive. After we had treated every lost soul and damaged thing in the place twice over we sobered up, and the distinguished scion of the distinguished American jurist aforesaid remarked:

"I never knew that Paris held so many thirsty people before."

I don't believe that it ever did, but we manfully squared financial matters, and after fighting off the triste preluding of twenty-nine awful females we escaped out of doors. There our coachman, who had succumbed, introduced us to an old bootblack from Burgundy, who had wept, laughed and fought with the First Consul. We believed all he said for 10 centimes, and with another View Halloo! drove down a rusty, anonymous alley, cheered to the zenith by the most awful crew of blackguards Balzac ever dreamed of.

But the sun set us thinking of life and its duties. One man spoke of his mother, another of a breakfast engagement with an impossible cousin. Then Churchill reminded me of an engagement that I seemed to have made years ago. It was relative to hearing the great organist, Widor, play at St. Sulpice and at the 11 o'clock service that very day.

It was only 8 o'clock then and of course it was an easy engagement to keep. Churchill left us and I was foolish enough to say that I had a letter of introduction in my pocket to a young American architect living in the Latin Quarter.

"Name, name!" was cried.

I gave it, and a roar was the response.

"Why didn't you say so before? He lives in our house. We'll drive there at once." We did.

Never to my dying day will I forget that introduction. We were five strong, and there lived on the fifth floor of the apartment to which I was escorted about sixteen young architects. I can swear positively that two young men bearing the same name as my letter of introduction arose to salute me, although the crowd only spoke of one person. Perhaps it was the result of atmospheric refraction, some beery Parisian mirage.

The devils in whose company I found myself went from bed to bed shouting:

"Hello, old son, here is a man from New York with a letter from your brother," and many pairs of pajamas got out of drugged slumber bowing sleepily and politely.

All things must end, and soon I found myself in front of the Gare Montparnasse, talking to a trainman about comparative wage earning in Paris and Philadelphia, and then I hailed a carriage and drove across the river to the Café Pilsen, for I was thirsty and the day still young.

The café was closed, and I remembered that engagement to hear Widor play at St. Sulpice. My watch told me of two hours in which to dress and furnish up my morals. Home I drove and took a short nap, for I had made up my mind to hear the great Widor at St. Sulpice.

Then I awoke with a guilty tongue and a furred conscience. It was quite dark and it was just 11 o'clock.

But just twelve hours too late to hear the great Widor at St. Sulpice, and I was hungry and thirsty, especially thirsty, and I went forth into the night blinking with the lights of cabs, and as I ate and drank I regretted exceedingly the engagement I missed with Churchill, and I regretted exceedingly not having heard the great Widor of St. Sulpice, but I regretted not at all the merry night I had spent with the Yankee boys at Maxim's.

Quite a different sort of an evening was the last Sunday I went to Maxim's. The Grand Prix had been run at Longchamps and won by Arreau by a half length, so the town went mad in its own/peculiar fashion, and Maxim's as usual seemed the nub of the fun. At 9 o'clock I was the only man in the room who wore a whole hat, and if it had been silk it too would have been smashed. I shan't tell the mode of smashing hats here, but you can easily guess.

It is excessively diverting.

Paris has almost forgotten that its favorite Liane de Pougy swallowed a bucket of laudanum a week or two ago. I was at the Folies Bergères the night before she made the attempt upon her life. Anonymous threatening letters was the cause ascribed by the demi-mondaine for her folly. But please read duns for the whole trouble. The fair, fragile creature has been living too extravagantly. She is a very indifferent pantomimist, and her diamonds are the most startling things about her.

More to my taste is Cléo de Mérode, the dancer.

Falguiere has modeled her quite undraped for the Salon—the one at the Champs Elysées—and only her ears are covered with that affected but very effective coiffure of hers, which has set the fashion in head-dress this spring. Consequently all Paris is humming a tune first sung by Fragon called Cléo. It sounds like Yvette Guilbert's Ça fait toujours plaisir, and the refrain runs this way:

Cléo, Cléo, montre donc tes oreilles,  
Cléo, Cléo, faut pas m'la faire à l'oreille.  
Cléo, Cléo, se cache pas ces merveilles.  
Allez, allez-y, fais nous voir tout pour une fois, s'avez vous.

All which shows that the great Goddess of Lubricity is still as much worshipped as in Matthew Arnold's time. Only a Parisian would discover naughtiness in hidden ears.

The theatres are tiresome, the café concerts, with a few notable exceptions—Guilbert at the Ambassadeurs and the like—tame, dull affairs. Paris is putting on summer attire and bicycling is the rage.

I went to Léon Vanier's, on the Quai Saint-Michel, and saw some Decadent literature that would have made Vance Thompson's heart beat. I secured a Petit Glossaire compiled by Jacques Plowert for young Decadent authors, also a very sympathetic study of Jules Laforgue, by Camille Maclair, who happens to be quite a light just now among the Jeunes. The book, which is new, contains an introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck.

The famous Café François Premier, on the "Boul' Miché," has lost in Verlaine its chief attraction. The young fellows of the New now haunt the neighborhood of the *Mercur*, in the rue de l'Echaudé-Saint Germain. This paper is the rallying point for all that is novel and precious in the literature of the hour.

But I'm tired of Paris. This week I go to London, and perhaps may write you some more sad stories of the death of kings, heard while sitting upon the ground of the present, as Shakespeare remarks somewhere.

And that reminds me I met a king—a deposed king—last night, and he drank at my expense. Alas, kings are but human, especially Slavic kings with fantastic kingdoms! However, the story will keep for another time.

JAMES HUNCKER.

**Real Warship for Pinafore.**—The Empire, one of the United States revenue cutters, has deliberately transformed itself into a warship of her most gracious British Majesty for the purpose of giving two performances daily of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera Pinafore during the eight weeks she will lie at Bergen Beach, L. I., where she arrived from Ward's ship yard, Brooklyn, on the 2d inst. The initial performance, under the regular management of Mr. George Paxton, was given on the evening of July 2. Mr. Saunders was *Sir Joseph Porter*, Mr. Shackford *Captain Corcoran*, Miss Parkhurst *Josephine* and Miss Calf *Hebe*. They all delighted the audience. The unusual effect of realism was intensified in a sort of alarmingly comic degree by the falling overboard of a chorus girl, who was promptly fished out, but like McGinty, "very, very wet." She waited, however, for her dive until after the performance. The ship has been suitably and brilliantly equipped with all the flags, paint and imitation cannon the Pinafore opera requires.

**Suppé's Das Modell.**—Suppé's latest work, *Das Modell*, was produced for the first time in America on Thursday evening last, July 3, at the Terrace Garden Opera House in the original German. Victor Léon and Ludwig Held, the joint librettists, have managed to produce a book which is rather cleverly interesting and amusing. The score, which Suppé did not live to complete, has been intelligently completed by Zamara and Stern (Viennese musicians), who have fulfilled their work with a close and just appreciation of Suppé's feeling and manner. The opera, which is in three acts, was genially received by the public, and contains many separate elements which deserve popularity; but taken as a whole it presents no specific advance and slight diversity from the beaten track of its class. It is, however, purely written after the Suppé manner, and is generally piquant and vivacious. The first night audience demanded several recalls and seemed to relish the new music. The complete cast was: *Silvia Perenti*, Ida Wilhelma; *Stella*, Romita Goldek; *Tommaso Stirio*, Emil Sondermann; *Tantini*, Martin Siegmann; *Clava*, Hermann Litt; *Martinezza*, Louise Albes; *Niccolo*, Edmund Loewe; *Colletta*, Theresa Delma; *Riccardo Madrini*, E. Danyschek; *Terese*, Elena Martinez.



## Arthur M. Hartmann.

**MASTER ARTHUR M. HARTMANN**, the boy violin genius, is at present sojourning in Philadelphia, preparatory to a long list of concert engagements which he is prepared to fill. The boy's astonishing genius and precocity command enthusiastic admiration, and his development is already on a par with that of many finished maestri. A visit to the little boy's studio discloses more souvenirs of value—photographs, autographs, with praise attached, letters of enthusiastic congratulation from leading living musicians, received during his recent European visit—than may often be found in the possession of one artist. Among the latter may be quoted the following, as of particular interest by reason of the writer's prominence:

COPY.

LONDRES, 8 juin, 1894.

MON CHER ENFANT—Je suis tout à fait satisfait de la façon dont vous jouez mon 2d Concerto; votre exécution brillante et votre sentiment musical sont dignes de tous les éloges et je ne doute pas que tous les amateurs de musique soient de mon avis.

Avec mes meilleurs compliments, C. SAINT-SAËNS.  
Mr. Arthur M. Hartmann.

TRANSLATION.

LONDON, June 8, 1894.

MY DEAR CHILD—I am fully satisfied with the way you play my Second Concerto; your brilliant execution and musical feeling are worthy of the highest praise, and I do not doubt that all music lovers will be of the same opinion.

With my best compliments, C. SAINT-SAËNS.  
Master Arthur M. Hartmann.

Alexandre Guilmant, the foremost organist of the age, writes:

COPY.

MENDON (Seine-Oise) 10 Chemin de la Station, le 4 juin, 1894.

MON CHER ARTHUR—En rentrant de voyage, j'ai trouvé votre lettre que m'a fait grand plaisir. Je suis charmé d'apprendre que mon ami Saint-Saëns vous ait bien accueilli et vous ait donné rendez-vous à Londres, où j'espère vous vous ferez entendre avec succès, car j'ai été très intéressé par votre jeu.

Vous avez la justesse, le rythme et d'autres qualités de virtuose; je fais donc les vœux les plus sincères pour qu'une belle carrière s'ouvre devant vous, et si je peux y contribuer, je suis à votre disposition pour vous recommander chaleureusement.

Veillez agréer, mon cher, l'expression de mes meilleurs et dévoués sentiments. ALEX. GUILMANT.

À Arthur M. Hartmann, Jeune Violoniste.

TRANSLATION.

MENDON (Seine-Oise) 10 Chemin de la Station, 4 June, 1894.

MY DEAR ARTHUR—When I returned from my trip I found your letter, which gave me much pleasure. I am delighted to hear that my friend Saint-Saëns received you well and has arranged an appearance in London for you, where I hope you will be heard with

much success, for I took great interest in your playing. You have the purity of intonation, the rhythm and other virtuoso qualities, therefore my most sincere wishes are that a beautiful career opens itself before you, and if I can contribute thereto I am at your disposal to warmly recommend you.

Please accept, my dear, the expression of my best and sincere sentiments. ALEX. GUILMANT.

To Arthur M. Hartmann, Young Violinist.

Dr. Hans Richter, the great conductor, director of the Wagnerian Festivals at Bayreuth, director of the Royal Opera, Vienna, and conductor of the London Philharmonic Symphony concerts, introduced Master Hartmann to the London Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra as the greatest little violinist he had ever heard, and the only one he thought would in the future equal Paganini as a soloist of this instrument.

COPY.

LONDON, W., 11 Bentinck street, Manchester square, June 8, 1894.

LIEBER HERR HARTMANN—Ich habe Ihren Sohn Arthur spielen gehört und finde dass er ein aussergewöhnliches Talent für die Violine besitzt; er ist jetzt ein Meister dieses Instrumentes.

Dr. Saint-Saëns und ich haben mit unserem Impresario gesprochen wegen Arthur und er sagte das Sie da bleiben sollen, oder im Monate September zurück kommen. Er will sie versichern dass Sie in England mehr Geld machen als in Amerika, denn der Knabe ist was Aussergewöhnliches.

Kommen sie zu mir halb Zwei Uhr in der Queen's Hall, damit ich Alles wissen soll was dem Herrn Impresario zu sagen.

Mit bestem Grusse, Ihr,

HANS RICHTER.

TRANSLATION.

LONDON, W., 11 Bentinck street, Manchester square, June 8, 1894.

DEAR Mr. HARTMANN—I have heard your son Arthur play, and find that he possesses extraordinary talent for the violin. He is already a master of this instrument.

Dr. Saint-Saëns and I have spoken with our manager concerning Arthur, and he says you shall remain here or return in September. He will guarantee that you will make more money in England than in America, for the boy is something astounding.

Come to me at 1:30 o'clock at Queen's Hall, so that I may know all that is to be said to the manager.

With best greetings,

Yours,

HANS RICHTER.

**Seidl's Fourth.**—A gala program was arranged by Anton Seidl on July 4 for the Brighton Beach Music Hall, which included as a special feature the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin, sung by the Seidl Society's new chorus of fifty boys, under direction of Henry E. Duncan, at the afternoon concert, and the Tannhäuser bridal chorus at the evening performance. The concert was largely attended and proved an immense success. America, given with great enthusiasm, appropriately closed the program.

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## Why We Spell "Quintet" Thus.

THE following letter reaches us:

NEW YORK, July 6, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier:

In your last week's issue you kindly made mention of the numerous engagements for next season of the "Boston Quintette Club." Would you please inform us why you spelled it quintet, and not quintette, and oblige,

Yours truly,  
INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF MUSIC, Managers,  
119 East Eighteenth street.

In answer to this query we would draw attention to the rule of THE MUSICAL COURIER which in its editorial and news columns makes it a rule to eschew the final "e" in all musical terms of this alternative termination. This rule is based on the modern mode of expedition, which does away with superfluous letters wherever optional. Advertisers will find their own preference in this regard never interfered with, so that a "quintet" written about in the editorial columns may be found—as in the present case—announced as a "quintette" under the head of advertisement.

**A Brooklyn Liederkrantz Difficulty.**—At a special meeting of the United Singing Societies of Brooklyn, held in Arion Hall on Sunday afternoon last, July 5, discussion was rife as to the justice of S. K. Sanger, president, in having awarded the prize of the recent Saengerfest to the Beethoven Liederkrantz Society. The Harmony Society asserts it should have the prize, having outclassed the Liederkrantz by six points. The meeting was painfully agitated and caused temporarily the resignation of President Sanger, which was withdrawn before the close on the appointment of five from outside societies, not heretofore interested, to deliver unbiased decision very shortly.

**Mary Louise Clary.**—Miss Clary, the celebrated contralto, left this city last Sunday evening for Louisville, Ky., where she will sing in two orchestral concerts on July 7 and 10. She sang at Norwalk, Ohio, June 23, and at Oberlin, Ohio, June 23 and 24, in Samson and Delilah, this being the second season that she has been called upon to do this work there. Her previous success was redoubled. The other leading artists were Barron Berthald and Dr. Carl Dufft. Miss Clary will be heard in a considerable number of concerts at several well-known summer resorts during the remainder of this month, and will also sing in the big music festival at Silver Lake, N. Y., August 19 to 21. The list of artists engaged includes Clementine De Vere-Sapio, H. Evan Williams and Ericsson F. Bushnell.



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## Musical Items.

**Ysaye Not Coming.**—We have received a cable from Mr. Robert I. Carter, our Cincinnati correspondent, traveling in Europe, which is dated Brussels and runs, "Ysaye positively not coming next season."

**Mme. Bjorksten's Pupil's Success.**—Miss Mollie Adelia Brown appeared on June 24 at a concert of the Dudley Buck Club of Los Angeles, Cal. She made a decided hit. Says the Los Angeles Daily Times:

Very rarely is there heard a more liquid and pure soprano than the beautiful voice with which Miss Brown is gifted. Besides this the young soprano is endowed with a charming presence. Her audience was enchanted with her singing last night. The value from Romeo and Juliet was given with excellent expression and considerable dramatic instinct. At her second appearance the soprano was honored with a double encore. There can be no doubt about Miss Brown's exceptional talent.

The Los Angeles Herald speaks of her in similar terms of praise:

Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, who has been studying with Mme. Bjorksten in New York for the past two years, was warmly welcomed by her many friends, who showered her with flowers after each appearance. \* \* \* Later she sang Mascagni's He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not, and in response to the encore, Because I Love You, Dear. Still the enchanted audience would not be satisfied until she had repeated her encore number. Her voice is beautifully clear and pure, and she sings with excellent taste.

**Death by Drowning.**—Fred E. Brackett, choirmaster, with Thomas Parker, Harry Lakeer, William Fatkins and Benjamin Gibbs, all of St. John's Episcopal Church, Charlestown, Mass., were drowned while boating on Lake Mattapan on Monday afternoon, June 29. They were members of a party who had reached the place that day, intending to camp until Saturday.

After dinner Mr. Brackett and six boys went out in a boat, and when about 40 feet from the shore one of the boys (Harry Parker) fell overboard. A bright little fellow named Frank Cox, thirteen years old, jumped overboard and rescued the drowning boy, and swam with him to the shore.

During the excitement the boat was overturned, and the choirmaster and four remaining occupants were drowned. The bodies were recovered by the guests of the Hotel Mattapan.

**The Damrosch Season.**—Walter Damrosch, who returned from Europe on Wednesday, July 1, is highly pleased with the results of his impresario trip. He has engaged Lilli Lehmann as his first soprano for the coming season of opera, and declares her voice to be in as brilliant condition

as at the highest period of her previous American success. Her husband, Kalisch, who has advanced permanently to heroic tenor rôles, will be associated as first tenor with Herr Ernest Krauss, who is so reliably popular that after his season with Damrosch he returns to fill a fifteen years' engagement at the Royal Opera, Berlin. Klafsky and Ternina do not return. Galski returns among former members with Eibenschuetz, Volmar, Fischer and Mertens. Sommer, who has a Vienna and Stuttgart reputation, will be the new baritone. The entire season will be limited to twenty weeks. Twelve performances are to be given at the New York Metropolitan, seven weeks will be passed in Philadelphia and the remaining time between Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago and some smaller cities of the Northwest. Mr. Damrosch has a call on the Abbey & Grau artists, and will include in his repertory Les Huguenots in French, with any other of the Italian-French school which he may find available or desirable; Don Giovanni and Le Nozze di Figaro will likely be produced. His new tenor, Krauss, sings French as well as German, and French librettos may probably get some extra favor.

**A Lawton Broil.**—There is discord in the well-known musical family of William H. and Henrietta Beebe Lawton. Mrs. Lawton yesterday brought an action for separation and has also brought suit to restrain her husband from interfering with the property at No. 144 West Forty-eighth street, in which she claims a third interest.

Justice Andrews, in the Supreme Court yesterday, granted a temporary injunction not only restraining the husband from making any disposition of the Forty-eighth street property, but from selling the country house in Chester, N. Y.

Mrs. Lawton says her husband has been brutal to her, and had a great dislike for her mother. Once, when they were all sitting at the table, she alleges, her husband said, in the presence of the old lady:

"Your mother must get out of here. I will not have death sitting at my table."

Mrs. Lawton says the old lady was so shocked at this that she grew seriously ill and died in a short time.

It is also alleged that under threats of violence Mrs. Lawton was compelled to sign a paper transferring to her husband a one-third interest in the Forty-eighth street property, and also to sign another paper showing that she owed him \$10,000.—*Journal*.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton are best known to the musical public by their illustrated lectures on the voice.

## A Chance for Composers.

I WANT three songs for baritone, to be sung by myself. Also three songs for soprano, to be sung by Nannie Hands-Kronberg, on concert tour with the Kronberg-Paget Combination during the fall of 1896-7 and also on our tour as soloists throughout the country with the United States West Point Cadet Band.

For these six songs I will give a premium of \$300, subject to the following conditions:

First—Manuscripts are to be submitted to a committee of three. Prizes to be awarded as follows:

- \$125 first prize for soprano solo.
- 75 second prize for soprano solo.
- 50 third prize for soprano solo.
- 125 first prize for baritone solo.
- 75 second prize for baritone solo.
- 50 third prize for baritone solo.

Second—The songs are to be of medium grade, with words of character to tell the story in a simple way, and the accompaniment must not be difficult. If arranged for soprano they are to be from C to A, and for baritone from A to F. They must also be songs that have not been heretofore published.

Third—Manuscripts not awarded prizes will be returned to the composer.

Fourth—Premiums are to be awarded on or before August 20, 1896.

Fifth—I have deposited \$500.00 with the well-known White-Smith Music Publishing Company, and they will deliver the prizes to whom they are awarded by the committee.

Sixth—Manuscript accepted shall be, upon payment of the prize, my sole property.

Seventh—I reserve the right for the committee to reject any or all manuscripts submitted that do not meet the above requirements.

Send all manuscripts, with full address, to

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## Wm. Steinway on Opera.

**T**HE clock was rapidly veering to 9 P. M. on Monday evening when William Steinway was found in his private office in Steinway Hall, up to his eyes in papers, but fresh and vigorous as a sturdy youth at day-break.

It might have been 9 o'clock in the morning as far as energy was concerned. Mr. Steinway puts to shame the average hard worker who feels by 9 o'clock at night that it is time in all reasonableness to show fatigue.

The question is if ever Mr. Steinway feels the average man's fatigue. His keen eye, clear brain, and lucid, energetic speech were just as much in evidence hours after the ordinary man has closed up his office and gone home to absolute relaxation and oblivion as when he tackles his enormous business and the thousand contingent responsibilities the first thing in the morning.

A smile twinkled in the corner of Mr. Steinway's eye. "You want to talk of opera," he said, as he dashed off a cable for which a bearer stood waiting. "Yes, I know a good deal of opera these days. I am being initiated at a wonderful rate—forced into the position of a sort of impresario myself—all because I was a \$50,000 creditor of the Abbey & Grau firm, and am now in consequence a 40 per cent. shareholder in the new company. I did not want to be on the organization committee, you understand, but I saw probably that I might serve operatic interests further by being there, and so I have consented to become a director for one year.

"And the outcome," said Mr. Steinway, with the twinkle of the eye breaking into a laugh; "well, it begins early and it ends late—no, I can't say when it ends. They think I'm now the impresario and can engage whom I want, so the appeals never end. When it's not a person it's a letter. There's no escape from it. Life is becoming a burden.

"I have them here from morning till night; they want to sing for me—sopranos, lyric, dramatic, all kinds; tenors to correspond. They want to play for me. Members of orchestras? Oh! their number is legion; male cornets, lady flutists, all sorts of fiddlers; oh, what an initiation in operatic affairs I'm having! And—oh, yes! it's all true—they were here to-day, members of a ballet corps; they want to dance for me. They're here yowling, bawling, prancing, begging and clamoring from morning till night. What's to be done with them? Can nobody impress upon them I'm not the impresario?"

The comical twinkle in Mr. Steinway's eye as he reviled his fate was worth an interview to see. But the man of business quickly struck the hub of discourse.

"The outlook of opera in New York," he said—"never better—never as good. The new firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau starts not only on a secure basis, but without any other operatic force working in opposition to it. By the new arrangement, Damrosch instead of running in any rivalry, will work with the Abbey & Grau forces; there will be a combination of interest, and this partial co-operation will likely result in the matter of artists' salaries, as well as in other details, in a manner most profitable to oper-

atic progress, but the terms of which I do not care to discuss."

"Do you believe, Mr. Steinway, that the late Abbey & Grau failure was caused solely, as stated, by losses on their outside ventures, and that opera on its own account was a paying institution?"

"Emphatically," said Mr. Steinway. "After the rebuilding of the Metropolitan subsequent to the fire, the first triumphant season of 1893 showed a clear profit of \$175,000. This was unusual, however, hardly to be regarded as average. The season of 1894 cleared \$150,000, and this past season—1895—\$105,000. The lesser profit of the past season can be accounted for by the rivalry of Damrosch German opera. This had preceded Abbey & Grau in Boston, and drained the city. The result was that Abbey & Grau cleared \$25,000 less than they had calculated upon in Boston; in fact, with the exception of Chicago, this financial disappointment was repeated in all other cities, and the losses of their provincial tour proved considerable.

"But this will now be provided against. The company will only visit Chicago in future, but if it can be arranged will make a new departure by going for the first time to California. This is something enterprising, the expense of transit such a distance for 300 persons is a tremendous risk beyond doubt, but I think it will be taken, and I have no doubt would prove immensely profitable. Once get them to California there is plenty of money to be made.

"Yes," continued Mr. Steinway, disposing of some papers as he talked, for this is a man of immense power and clarity in grasping more than one matter at a time, "I believe that grand opera, French and Italian, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is always good for \$100,000 profit in a season. With this there is abundant room and success for German opera also with Damrosch. That will prosper, too. But the mixing up of German with the Italian-French last season at the Metropolitan was a mistake. That did heavy financial damage. The soil and atmosphere were not favorable to the mixed repertory, and there was monetary loss, all of which will also be avoided in future.

"What do I think of Mapleson's coming?" Another humorous twinkle entered Mr. Steinway's eye. "Well, I wish him well. He's also going to be my neighbor here, right next door at the Academy, but I will tell you frankly I see nothing in store for Col. Mapleson. Interfere in any way with Abbey & Grau? Never. Impartially speaking, there seems to me no basis here upon which Mapleson can successfully return. The old vanguard is dead or dropped off, he has no famous artists, he has no first rate, well located opera house, and he opens in October, when the presidential election will be in full swing and the blare and blast of brass bands will threaten opera music in a quarter like this with extinction. There may be some following for Mapleson in the provincial cities where Abbey & Grau do not go, but I doubt if even there money will be forthcoming. No, with the best wishes in the world I fail to see where there can be any paying clientele for Mapleson.

"As to the report that Mr. Grau may succeed Sir Augustus Harris in London it has foundation, and I am decidedly in favor of such an issue. By the new terms of agreement

Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau are pledged to enter into no outside theatrical ventures, but Covent Garden, London, in Mr. Grau's case is a beneficial exception. Personally I regard Mr. Grau as specifically suited to the position, probably the one man who is. He knows the operatic world, speaks four or five languages, and would work to their best ends all the possibilities of the London situation. But from the general business standpoint, and as associated with New York, I think the combination of interests in this case would be one of the best things that ever happened.

"The same leading artists sing at both houses, and the seasons succeed each other with exact suitability. I have avoided," said Mr. Steinway, "giving you any views on the mistake or otherwise of the large salaries paid by America to 'stars,' but I do not hesitate to say that by a fusion of interests between New York and Covent Garden an equalization of rates might be likely to ensue later on which would modify if not entirely overcome the present discrepancy against which so much complaint has been urged. Concerning the \$20,000 a year salary for Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau I am aware that a division—not an equal one—has been proposed, but I do not care to say who has been voted proprietor of the biggest share."

"And now the consensus of your opinion, Mr. Steinway, is —?"

"That opera had never a better outlook at the Metropolitan, because the management now know what causes of loss to avoid and there is always a profit of \$100,000 to be made in a season if mistakes are not made. As to Mapleson coming, he'll come, no doubt, but I really see nothing in it, except—well, except a hard struggle for Colonel Mapleson. And about Grau and Covent Garden, I think it the very best thing, from every operatic standpoint, that it should happen."

ALBANY, N. Y., July 6.—Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, Limited, was incorporated to-day to maintain and operate theatres and give operatic and dramatic representations in New York, Boston and other cities. The principal office will be in New York. The capital is \$500,000, of which \$200,000 is preferred stock.

The directors are Henry E. Abbey, Maurice Grau, William Steinway, Robert Dunlap, Edward Lauterbach and Thomas P. Fowler, of New York city, and John B. Schoeffel, of Boston. Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau subscribe for all the common stock in equal shares. Mr. Steinway takes 200 shares of the preferred stock and Mr. Dunlap sixty-five shares.

**The Listemanns.**—The Listemann brothers have been quite busy with concerts in the Northwest during the past week, winding up with a highly successful concert at Beloit, Wis., in which they had the co-operation of Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop. They have just been engaged to open the well-known Kettley Star Course at Elmira, N. Y., next October, assisted by Mary Louise Clary.

**Death of an Old Philharmonic Member.**—Samuel Johnson, formerly of this city, died on July 5 at his home at Milton, Ulster County, N. Y. Mr. Johnson was born at Leamington, England, on November 15, 1800, and at the time of his death was the oldest member of the New York Philharmonic Society and the last of its original members. He was the first secretary of the society, and for many years was well known in New York musical circles. He accompanied Jenny Lind on her tour through the United States and Cuba when she first visited America. He was a well-known connoisseur in violins, and in his time had possessed some of the most valuable ones in America.

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**Kuhe's Musical Recollections.**

[From the British Edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER.]

**MY MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS**, by Wilhelm Kuhe (Richard Bentley & Son, London). Musicians have been too often accused of petty jealousies. To the lay mind this has frequently appeared unaccountable. Music, the twin sister of poetry, is generally supposed to breathe the pure spirit of inspiration and love. How then, people have sometimes asked, can it be that musicians so frequently have been known to traduce one another, and, in various ways, to manifest "professional" jealousy of their neighbors? We believe that it was Dumas the elder who declared that "jealousy indicates love!" Be that as it may, in this book of Mr. Kuhe's there is every indication of love to his brother musicians and no indications whatever of jealousy toward them. Mr. Kuhe is, physically, a big man. Perhaps for that reason he is above petty suspicions or malice. The evil god, Ari-manes, has not yet been able to influence him, and we hope he never will. In the private circle and by the domestic fireside Mr. Kuhe is one of the most entertaining of men. In this book he gives the public a taste of his quality. He presents a cupful of the ambrosia of comfort to those of his emotional neighbors who imagine that their best friends never have a good word to say for them behind their backs. In this book Mr. Kuhe altogether gives himself away, by showing the innocence of his nature and his charitable feelings toward all men. O that the world could behold a brotherhood of musicians actuated by the same principles that appear to have governed Mr. Kuhe in the compilation of this book! The dyspeptic, sour, disagreeable and cantankerous music teacher, to whom life seems but one long disappointment—there are malcontents in every profession, and the musical is no exception—ought to be the first to read this book. In reading the volume he should regard it philosophically; he should ponder over the pleasant stories told in its pages. If he read them aright the spirit in which they are narrated should be unto him as an object lesson worthy of emulation. The book is, and is not, autobiographical. Mr. Kuhe endeavors to relate the history of his life without being egotistical. He says that the book is written "by a musician of other musicians." Nevertheless, although he has probably tried hard to exclude the pronoun "I," it has been imperatively necessary, in order to give coherence to his recollections, not to leave it out. And so we have Kuhe—Paganini, Sims Reeves, Sir Michael Costa, Jenny Lind, Balfe, Lablache, Jullien, Liszt, Patti, Trebelli, Rossini, the Garcias, Christine Nilsson, Mario, Albani, Rubinstein, Sullivan, Manns, Sir Augustus Harris, *et hoc genus omnes*. In his old age Mr. Kuhe does not talk profoundly, nor learnedly, about the celebrities he has known. He does not attempt to instruct, nor educate, his reader. He merely relates, in an anecdotal way, his recollections in the most comfortable and entertaining manner possible. The easy flowing style he has adopted gives one the impression that he has written down his pleasant thoughts with a pipe (of fragrant tobacco) in his mouth, and a pair

of slippers (lined with swan's down) on his feet. It is evident that Mr. Kuhe, at least, does not suffer from gout! It is impossible to briefly tell the reader of all the good things that are to be found by a perusal of the 400 odd pages in this book. Let us then take, haphazard, merely two of his recollections. Doubtless, as postprandial anecdotes, they will meet with the approval of even "Charley's Aunt" herself. Mr. Kuhe tells us that—

Among Rubinstein's visitors was one day a young and beautiful orphan girl. Her father had left her quite unprovided for, although he had found means to educate her as a lady. Certain friends had assured her that her musical talents were worth cultivating, and she accordingly intended to enter the profession. Before coming, however, to a final decision, she obtained an introduction to Rubinstein, with a view to seeking his advice. Having heard her play, he saw at once that she had mistaken her vocation, and told her, as kindly and considerately as the circumstances permitted, that he could not counsel her to spend money and time in pursuing a phantom. The poor child was broken-hearted, and wept bitterly, exclaiming: "What am I to do? What am I to do?" Rubinstein took her hands, and looking her in the face, quietly observed: "My dear young lady, get married."

The above story confirms the oft-repeated contention that Rubinstein considered ladies ought never to study music as an art, or to take up the time of talented teachers able to develop great artists.

Let us take at random a story about another great pianist, say the Abbé Liszt. Alluding to a banquet which was given in Vienna in honor of Liszt, Mr. Kuhe says that, after the health of the guest of the evening had been proposed and responded to, and Staudigl had sung,

Professor Fischhof, who was sitting next to Liszt, taking advantage of the master's good nature, asked him whether he would give the company an opportunity of hearing him. He at once acceded to the suggestion, and while at the piano held his audience completely entranced. The reception he met with on that occasion I shall never forget. It was enough to unnerve even an artist accustomed as was Liszt to overwhelming demonstrations. But while his fingers glided over the keyboard the absorbed attention of his hearers—shown in silence that was almost impressive—was of the kind which has made the falling of a pin pass into a proverb. He played the first few bars of the introduction to the Erlking, and led up to the melody of O Ruediger than the Cherry, which he rendered in the bass.

On these two songs he improvised so ingeniously, so brilliantly, producing such totally unexpected, weird and extraordinary effects that I should be doing the executant but scant justice were I to attempt to describe his masterly performance. The enthusiasm that followed it may easily be imagined.

In illustration of Liszt's phenomenal powers of improvisation I may recall that on the occasion of his last stay in London he was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Beatty-Kingston, and while there noticed a manuscript song on the piano. He inquired whose composition it was, and was informed that it was by Miss Kingston, the daughter of his host and hostess. Liszt took the piece up, sat down to the piano, and at once commenced to improvise on the theme of the song. He did so in such a masterly and brilliant fashion, elaborating it so skillfully, that even the distinguished *littérateur*—himself an experienced and accomplished musician—in whose house the performance took place was astonished. There was nothing to suggest that the

maestro was improvising on a piece he had never seen before. The idea conveyed was that of the carefully rehearsed rendering of a composition replete with technical difficulties and elaborate effects of harmony.

Well, we must pause here. It would not be fair to the author, nor the publishers, to go on quoting the whole of a book in which there is but one serious omission. We refer to the fact that, while almost everything or everybody of musical importance has been alluded to, ourselves—THE MUSICAL COURIER—have been left out.

**Emil Liebling and Harrison Wild.**—Mr. Emil Liebling, pianist, and Mr. Harrison Wild, organist, of Chicago, passed through New York last Thursday en route to Boston and thence to Pine Lake, Me., where they will spend several weeks.

**Miss Thompson's Successful Season.**—Mabel Lindley Thompson, the vocal teacher, who has studios in Newark, N. J., and this city, has just closed the most prosperous season in her experience. She is a most conscientious and capable teacher and a credit to her tutor, M. Rivarde.

Miss Thompson is now summering at Oak Island Beach, and she is already assured of a prosperous season when she opens her studios again in the fall.

**William O. Carl in Great Demand.**—Mr. J. V. Gottschalk, manager for the eminent organist, Mr. William C. Carl, announces extensive bookings for Mr. Carl's forthcoming recital tour and finds the arrangements for dates and inquiries for open time to absorb him in an unexpected degree. The desire for recitals of good organ music by an eminent organist is extremely keen throughout the provinces, and requests are coming in from even the farthest West for an arrangement for Mr. Carl's recitals. In every city where Mr. Carl played on his extensive transcontinental tour last season his return dates are desired, and in various adjacent places where his success has penetrated he is in active demand.

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# MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



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**No. 853.**

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1896.

## UNSETTLED FAILURES.

**P**ERHAPS never before in the history of the trade have there been so many unsettled failures and assignments. And certainly there has never before been a time when it has been more difficult for the newspapers to acquire correct figures upon which to base reliable reports of these affairs.

Take for instance the Smith & Nixon concern. Up to the present moment no reliable statement has been made to the press, and no one aside from those directly interested can form an accurate judgment as to the condition of their affairs.

In the matter of A. D. Coe, of Cleveland, the assignee makes statements that are, to say the least, vague; while the recent sale at auction of the entire effects and the subsequent replevying of a portion of them so complicate the matter that it is simply impossible to compile a correct report.

No action has as yet been taken in the affairs of the Weber Piano Company, which, of course, means that nothing can yet be definitely decided concerning the Stuyvesant Piano Company or Wm. E. Wheelock & Co.

Nothing definite has been done in the affairs of Keller Brothers & Blight, while the recent squabble as to the receiver or assignee for the Muehlfeld & Haynes Company leaves that open for speculation.

The Kirk Johnson complication will be aired in the courts, and no agreement has yet been reached between Chase & Smith and their creditors.

The outcome of the receivership of Gildemeester & Kroeger is as yet unknown—that is, it has not yet been determined how much on the dollar can be paid.

There is a whole lot of other concerns of less importance who are in an unsettled state, and it looks now as though the general public will never know the inside facts in a majority of the cases—facts that would be of great value in showing what to avoid.

**T**HE Lindeman Piano Company is preparing a fine stock for fall trade. This is on true commercial principles—that business in good volume is sure to follow depression. Those Lindeman pianos are beauties, too. Just what people of refinement desire.

**M**R. W. H. POOLE, of the Poole Piano Company, Boston, Mass., passed through New York on Monday en route for Chicago. Mr. Poole will not root for any special candidate at the convention; in fact, he has gone West to sell pianos. His new Style 60 is a beauty and is finding a ready market.

**D**EALERS should bear in mind that the season of vacation is also a good season for the sale of Autoharps, and keep well stocked up. These instruments are inexpensive, easily transported and easy to play, and belong in a camping outfit or are suitable for an excursion of any description where hilarity is the predominant feature. Style 6 fills every requirement.

**T**HE Malcolm Love piano continues to win friends every day, as a meritorious instrument should.

**T**HE initial act of Mr. Wm. Steinway as an impresario is shown in the interview with him printed in the music department of this issue. There is apparently no end to the enterprises he will undertake, and, remarkable to state, one never hears of one of these enterprises making a financial loss.

**"P**ATRIOTISM, Protection, Prosperity," prudently prescribed, produce peaceful plenty. Prolonged prescriptions produce plenary popularity. Popularity precedes pronounced pecuniary proceeds. Piano players pronounce Popular Pease Pianos pecuniary proceed producers, portending pretentious, protracted playing.

**F**. G. SMITH goes right ahead these hot days selling Bradbury, Webster, Henning and Rogers Brothers pianos and several grades of bicycles, besides running a piano case factory, looking after nearly a dozen branch stores, and in between times figuring on the purchase of piano plants. A worker is Smith, and one that makes his work count—that's the thing.

**R**OBERT L. LOUD, of Buffalo, N. Y., was in the city for a few hours last week. His trip East was to meet his mother, who was returning from Europe.

Mr. Loud is a piano man by birth as well as by education, and comes in direct descent from the piano manufacturer Loud of a few generations back.

There are but few men in the trade so amply qualified for a wareroom business as Robert L. Loud.

**O**NE HUNDRED THOUSAND pianos made is a record that J. & C. Fischer can be proud of. It represents an enormous amount of labor, outlay of money and expenditure of brains to reach such a position. It has been reached, and J. & C. Fischer occupy the unique position in being the first American manufacturers to reach their 100,000th piano. A cut of this piano will appear shortly in these columns, with full detailed account of the instrument.

**F**IVE thousand miles of traveling from June 23 to July 3, just two weeks, counting Sundays, is the record of John A. Norris, of the Mason & Hamlin Company. Mr. Norris visited Buffalo, Chicago, Denver, back east to Kansas City, Peoria, Chicago, Buffalo, Chautauqua to New York. That's rapid traveling this warm weather, particularly with a man who probes as deep as does Norris. Did he do any business? What do you suppose Norris travels for? In June and July, too!

**M**R. A. P. ROTH, of Roth & Engelhardt, the action makers of St. Johnsville, N. Y., who has his office in this city, left last night for the factory, to be present to-day at a trial of a new and expensive wood working machine which has lately been added to their mill facilities. This firm has always been ambitious to acquire the most modern and labor saving machinery, and this is proven in the quality of work

turned out, and the fact that in competition with other action makers their goods are given great consideration.

**O**NE of the chief press days of THE MUSICAL COURIER being Saturday, and that having been Fourth of July this year, it may be that some of our subscribers will receive this issue a few hours later than the usual time, which fact will be accounted for by the above statement.

**T**HERE have been a number of rumors in circulation during the last fortnight to the effect that a project was on foot for the continuance or the re-commencing of the Decker Brothers business, but there are no means of verifying the reports.

To offset them a sign has been placed on the second story of the Decker Building on Union square stating that the loft is to let—a loft that was formerly occupied as a portion of the Decker retail warerooms.

We do not believe that Mr. Decker seriously contemplates a return to the piano business, as he is a young man who seriously weighs the pros and cons of a question before reaching a decision, and he surely would not have taken a definite stand, as he did in voluntarily retiring from the field, had he contemplated the possibility of beginning over again.

If, however, new conditions have arisen which would in his estimation make this step advisable and feasible he would be warmly welcomed back.

## Chase & Smith Assign.

**T**HURSDAY, July 2, the members of the firm of Chase & Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., went into court and made a general assignment. The liabilities are about \$54,000, with assets \$34,000, a deficit of about \$20,000. No accurate figures can be obtained as yet. The leading piano creditors are:

C. Kurtzmann & Co.  
Gildemeester & Kroeger.  
Smith & Barnes Piano Company.  
Ludwig & Co.  
Haines & Co.  
Emerson Piano Company.

The heaviest indebtedness is probably to Gildemeester & Kroeger, C. Kurtzmann & Co., and Smith & Barnes Piano Company. The Emerson Piano Company's claim was estimated at \$1,200, but three Emerson pianos arrived only a few hours before the assignment and the Emerson people replevined those. This will reduce the indebtedness.

When Gildemeester & Kroeger passed into the hands of a receiver on May 28 it was thought that Chase & Smith would immediately follow, as the concern were pushers of the G. & K. piano. At that time Mr. Gildemeester did all he could to straighten them out, and for a time it looked as though they would pull through. A stock company was projected in which Mr. A. C. Chase was to put in some more money for his son, Henry M. Chase, and the Smith & Barnes Piano Company were to take stock. This was to be done by July 1. The latter part of June a call for a creditors' meeting was sent out, with date of meeting set for June 26. A proposition was then made to the creditors, based on a reorganization of the concern, the old indebtedness to be wiped out, creditors receiving 50 cents on the dollar. The proposition was rejected and an adjournment taken until July 1, at which time it was decided that a general assignment should be made, and it was subsequently done on July 2, as mentioned before.

Carlton A. Chase has been named as assignee.



## THE TRADE LOUNGER.

SCENE—In front of the cigar stand in the Union Square Hotel.

PRESENT—Daniel F. Treacy, Esq., Harry J. Raymore, John Weser.

After an animated discussion of the state of business the following conversation followed:

HARRY—"Well, I can say that we have enough orders ahead to keep us running full time until September 15."

JOHN—"Well, I can't say that."

DAN—"I don't see why not, John; Harry does."

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What does the workman, the piano workman, subsist on in these times? There have never been so many factories working on short time or closed altogether. How does he live? Some of the older men have been thrifty, but the majority have to all appearances used their weekly pay to cancel their running expenses. How, now, do they manage? There are hundreds of men who rank as skilled mechanics—as piano workmen—who are out of a job. What becomes of 'em?

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A lot of them are employed in the cheap factories that are running, even though the better shops are silent, but where are the men who have made good wages in the medium grade and higher grade factories now that short time is the order?

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Another question—this as to a pernicious activity instead of a regretful idleness. Who can tell me where the "Kellogg" piano is made? I thought at the first notice of it that the name of the once famous Clara Louise was being used for what reminiscent value it might have, but the advertisements in the *Buffalo Express* and other papers of the same town give the local address of Kellogg Brothers in that city.

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This "enterprising" concern avers that "one of the best equipped \$300,000 eight story factories in New York and \$30,000 of solid hard cash is back of the Kellogg piano," but they fail to give the location, so that one may determine just how far back of them it is.

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Two hundred thousand dollars—eight stories—eighty thousand solid hard cash dollars—gold or silver not specified—who can it be? The "Western office" of the Kellogg piano is at a certain address in Buffalo, but they state in their ads that they, the brothers, have had "practical experience in 212 different makes in this country and Europe," and that they have "one of the very finest and largest assortments of kit and bench tools in the country," as well as "all sizes regulating screws, dags, leg screws, sounding board buttons, trapwork plugs, hammers, butts, flanges, flies, damper levers, lifters, heads, buttons, back checks, damper wedges, bridle straps, blocks, punchings, wire, locks, hinges, pedals, pedal guards, lag screws, pedal props, action props, desk springs, trap springs, bottom board springs, muffler rail brackets, damper rail plates, all parts of single and double rail actions, patented trapwork, spiral springs, ball bearing casters, key pins, bridge pins, desk pins, rail braces, key leads, damper posts, desk plates, buff stop swings, &c., &c., &c.," all of which would indicate that they had made a most exhaustive study of supply house catalogues or that they should make use of some of these numerous articles by purchasing a plate and a case and some varnish and a set of keys, to the end that they might make a piano all by themselves and not be compelled to depend upon an eight story, two hundred thousand hard cash dollar factory in New York.

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They state that they can give references "from people of renown (amateur and professional, as well as manufacturers), of London, Paris and Berlin, and of almost any city in 31 different States of this country." Let's have some of 'em, Messrs. Kellogg Brothers, and we'll continue this free advertisement by publishing 'em. It's almighty strange that men of such world wide and State wide experience shouldn't have fallen under notice during the 17 years this paper has been running.

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It does seem rather unreasonable to spring the following notice issued by the Brambach Piano Company, but the point is that the warm weather has demonstrated the wisdom of the care suggested when snow was on the ground.

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If piano is received in cold weather, do not unpack and place it in heated wareroom immediately on receipt. Graduate temperature by placing piano in a medium warm room for several hours before unpacking. If this is not convenient, and immediate unpacking desirable, it should be done in a comparatively cold room to prevent condensation of warm air upon the cold metal parts.

By following above instructions rust, varnish checks and injury to action will be prevented.

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The Brambach people write that in cases where these instructions were carried out the pianos have come through without a mark, and they generously suggest that the idea be promulgated by every piano manufacturer who remains

in the business long enough to send out instruments next fall.

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Mr. F. C. Stierlin, of the Thiebes-Stierlin Music Company, of St. Louis, is the fortunate possessor of the appended letters of Abraham Lincoln, the value of which is estimated at \$1,000. It wouldn't be a bad idea for some members of the trade to read with great care the one commencing "Dear Johnston." There are some points in it that are peculiarly applicable.

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WASHINGTON, December 24, 1863.

MY DEAR FATHER—Your letter of the 7th was received night before last. I very cheerfully send you the \$20, which sum you say is necessary to save your land from sale. It is singular that you should have forgotten a judgment against you, and it is more singular that the plaintiff should have let you forget it so long, particularly as I suppose you have always had property enough to satisfy a judgment of that amount. Before you pay it it would be well to be sure you have not paid it, or at least that you cannot prove you have paid it. Give my love to mother and all the connections.

Affectionately your son, A. LINCOLN.

DEAR JOHNSTON—Your request for \$80 I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, "We can get along very well now." But in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not *lazy*, and still you are an *idler*. I doubt whether since I saw you you have done a good whole day's work in, say, one day.

You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty, and it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break this habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it easier than they can get out after they are in.

You are now in need of some ready money, and what I propose is that you shall go to work "tooth and nail" for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of things at home—prepare for a crop, and make the crop; and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of debt that you owe, that you can get.

And to secure you a fair reward for your labor I now promise you that for every dollar you will between this and the first of next May get for your own labor either in money, or in your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at \$10 a month, from me you will get 10 more, making \$20 a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it, for the best wages you can get close to home—in Coles County.

Now if you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheaply, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make you, get \$70 or \$80 for four or five months' work.

You say if I furnish you the money you will *dead* me the land, and if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't now live *with* the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not now mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times \$80 to you.

Affectionately, your brother, A. LINCOLN.

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"There is another phase of this bike question that you people haven't touched on," said a country salesman who was visiting New York last week.

"I never was much of a piano player, but I could sound a few chords and make a run or two that passed in the store, and I learned a few tunes to play when I was showing off a piano in a customer's house. That was part of my capital, but now I've been obliged to come on to town to learn how to ride a bike the way it's taught here, and I don't like the job."

"I got so once, a good many years ago, that I could sew on a machine, and I learned to play a hymn or two on a cabinet organ before I tackled a piano; but the idea that I've got to begin at my time of life to wear short pants and a knit shirt, and jackass up and down a dusty road, makes me sick."

—Among the thousands who spent the Fourth of July at Manhattan Beach were Mr. R. S. Howard, of J. & C. Fischer; Mr. Chas. H. Becht, of the Brambach Piano Company, and Mr. Daniel F. Treacy, of the Davenport & Treacy Company.

—Mr. W. Riebling, son of a member of the firm of Riebling Brothers, of Pittsburgh, has been in the city for a few days. He was a guest over the Fourth of July of Robt. A. Widenmann at Nanuet, N. J.

MR. GEORGE M. BLUMNER, representing Geo. P. Bent's "Crown" interests, was in New York the early part of this week, and left for Philadelphia last night. Mr. Blumner, after making a short trip through Pennsylvania, will go on an extended journey through the New England States. He spent a most pleasant time while in New York visiting his old friends, whom he had not seen since his sojourn in the South and West.

ONE of the most industrious men in the piano business, and one who devotes probably as great a number of hours during the year to furthering the multiplicity of interests with which he is connected, is Mr. Otto Wissner, of Wissner & Leckerling fame.

Mr. Wissner is invariably the first man at his office or factory in the morning and can always be found there up to 7 o'clock at night. If one needed an exemplification of the fact that hard work pays he need but point to the success of Mr. Otto Wissner.

## Another Weser Invention.

WESER BROTHERS, of 524 to 528 West Forty-third street, through the inventor, George W. Weser, one of the brothers, have added a patent for pianos to their already long list. This latest one is for a pedal lock.

The Weser Brothers are always considering some new idea regarding the construction of their pianos, and the dealer who handles these goods finds himself pretty well equipped to meet any competition that may arise when up-to-date instruments are in question.

## In Town.

AMONG the trade visitors who have been in New York the past week and among those who called at the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

- J. H. Hickok, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
- M. Eastman, Eastman & Ross, Newburgh, N. Y.
- Alfred Schindler, Marshall & Wendell Pianoforte Manufacturing Company, Limited, Albany, N. Y.
- Walter Riebling, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- A. J. Brooks, Sterling Company, Derby, Conn.
- R. W. Blake, Sterling Company, Derby, Conn.
- "Sam" Hamilton, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- L. Leiter, Leiter Brothers, Syracuse, N. Y.
- A. M. Wright, Manufacturers Piano Company, Chicago, Ill.
- L. Dederick, Manufacturers Piano Company, Chicago, Ill.
- W. H. Poole, Boston, Mass.
- John A. Norris, Mason & Hamlin Company, Boston, Mass.
- L. A. Young, Schenectady, N. Y.

## A Story on Norris.

"IT was down in Texas," said the narrator, "where they grow cyclones. Sherman was the town, the name of the hotel escapes me, as also the date. J. A. Norris, the big handsome traveler of the Mason & Hamlin Company, was a guest at this hotel."

"Now, Norris knows a lot about blows in the music trade, but he was an innocent babe as regards knowledge of a full fledged Texas cyclone. He had been spending the evening and some money with a crowd of drummers in the hotel, until, getting weary, he went to bed and to sleep simultaneously at 10:30 P. M."

"At 11 he was awakened by an impolite cyclone that tore out the window of his room, sash and all. It didn't scare Norris a bit, but he had read of cyclones and knew that the safest place was in a collar when one was cavorting around."

"So he jumped from his room in his night clothes and made a line, not hurriedly, but more than leisurely, for downstairs. As he passed down the hall a female, also attired in her night clothes, appeared at her door and exclaimed:

"'Oh, where shall I go?'"

"'Follow me,' said Norris, with a Chesterfieldian salutation."

"When they reached the lobby the wind had passed, and a roar louder than that from the cyclone broke from the throats of the boys who just issued from the bar. Being disposed to chaff Norris on his fright, they said:

"'Where were you going in such a hurry, Norris?'"

With the nerve of a piano salesman Norris replied:

"'Oh! I was only going for a drink. Join me, boys.'"

It cost Norris "five" to settle that bill.

"And the lady?"

"Oh!" the narrator replied, "you are asking about things that I have no knowledge of."

—Mr. Nahum Stetson and family are stopping at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach.

—On Friday of last week the Brockport Piano Company, of Brockport, N. Y., shipped a carload of pianos to Worcester, Mass.

—Wm. F. Hassel, of 113 East Fourteenth street, dealer in scarfs and stools, will return from Europe July 28 on the steamer *Spree*.



**Newby & Evans.**

AT the beginning of this year Newby & Evans, of East 186th street and Southern Boulevard, this city, placed upon the market their new style No. 16, illustrated above. It was a handsome design and combined all the necessary features to make it as attractive and modern as any piano on the market. The question was, of course, "Would it prove a seller?" As every manufacturer knows it has been no child's play to sell pianos during this year, dealers have been more critical than ever before in the history of the piano trade, careful in their selection and purchase, and many other makes of pianos heretofore satisfactory to the dealer have been refused as not meeting the full requirements in design and finish demanded by an equally critical class of purchasers.

Now, with this state of affairs in existence, it has been with considerable trepidation that a new piano—for with a new covering a piano is new, even though the former scale

and has made as many instruments as could be placed with people interested in introducing a reliable article upon which a following could be built. Leiter Brothers, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently placed an order for immediate shipment after examining the sample, and other concerns of importance have testified regarding the commercial and artistic value of these pianos. New styles are being gotten out, and a scale for a medium size piano is under way. A catalogue will be out August 1, which should be in the hands of every dealer.

**Current Chat and Changes.**

M. M. Dantzler will shortly open a music store in Kansas City.

On June 30 a deal was consummated by which the Cornwall & Patterson Manufacturing Company, Bridgeport,

only a few unfinished pianos whose value would not satisfy the judgment.

Mr. A. L. Ebbels, of Alfred Dolge & Son, was in Atlantic City, N. J., last Wednesday.

Mr. H. Leonard, of Alfred Dolge & Son, is at present in New York, coming from the West.

F. P. Goddard, Lafayette, Ind., has given a chattel mortgage for \$1,000.

Mr. C. McChesney, with Geo. P. Bent, will join the latter in London, having sailed from Canada last week.

Geo. J. Dowling, formerly of the Briggs Piano Company, Boston, was a visitor at the Berlin office of THE MUSICAL COURIER recently.

N. J. Haines, Sr.'s condition is reported now as serious. He is at Mount Cisco, N. Y.

H. Rayner, formerly manager for A. D. Coe, Cleveland, Ohio, is now with the S. E. Clark Company, Detroit, Mich.

Charles H. Steinway, of Steinway & Sons, sailed from Hamburg on the Augusta Victoria July 2.

Among the report of new patents in the music trade is the following:

Piano.—George P. Bent, Chicago, Ill. Filed August 3, 1895. Serial No. 558,066.

Claim.—In a piano, a tongue bar in one or more sections, carrying tongues that may be interposed between the strings and the hammers, and devices adapted to retain one or more of the tongues away from interposition between their respective strings and hammers, while the rest of the tongues remain so interposed.

**Receiver's Notice.**

SUPREME COURT, State of New York, County of New York.—In the matter of the application of the directors of Gildemeester & Kroeger for a voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that, by and pursuant to an order of this court, dated the 25th day of June, 1896, and duly entered and recorded in this proceeding in the office of the clerk of the city and county of New York, June 26, 1896, I, the undersigned, have been appointed receiver of all the stock, property, assets and things in action of Gildemeester & Kroeger, a domestic corporation, with the usual powers and duties according to law and the practice of this court, and that I have duly filed my official bond and have duly qualified as such receiver, and that, as such receiver, I do hereby notify and require:

1st. All persons indebted to said corporation, the Gildemeester & Kroeger, to render an account to me of all the debts and sums of money owing by them respectively to said Gildemeester & Kroeger, or to me as such receiver, at my office, southeast corner of Second avenue and Twenty first street, New York city, on or before the 22d day of August, 1896, and to pay the same on or before said last mentioned date.

2d. All persons having in their possession any property or effects of said Gildemeester & Kroeger to deliver the same to me on or before the aforesaid date at the aforesaid place.

3d. All creditors of the said Gildemeester & Kroeger to deliver their respective accounts to me, duly verified, on or before the 23d day of August, 1896.

4th. All persons holding any open or subsisting engagement or contract of such Gildemeester & Kroeger to present the same, in writing, to me, at the office aforesaid, on or before the 23d day of August, 1896.

Dated June 26th, 1896.

HENRY K. S. WILLIAMS, Receiver.

FREDERICK C. TRAIN, Attorney for Receiver,  
No. 41 Park row, New York City.

—Theodore Wenzel, a prominent music dealer of Charleston, S. C., died last week in Summerville, in that State.



NEWBY & EVANS, STYLE 16.

is used—was placed upon the market. It was thus with Newby & Evans and their style 16.

They were well aware that it would have to be something more than ordinarily attractive to force consideration. This piano was a success from the first and it has proved one of the most salable of any of the styles ever turned out from this factory. It has had the call since January 1.

**Chas. H. Parsons Sails.**

ON Wednesday, July 1, Mr. Chas. H. Parsons, of the Needham Piano and Organ Company, sailed for Europe on the Majestic, of the White Star Line.

This is Mr. Parsons' annual trip abroad, taken in the interests of his concern. When he boarded the steamer a party of employes and friends were awaiting him, and presented him with a floral piano 4½ feet high by 5 feet long. It was beautifully constructed and accurate in details.

Mr. Parsons appreciated this friendly offering from his business associates.

**Chicago for Fun.**

MR. HERMAN A. BRAUMULLER, son of Otto Braumuller, of the Braumuller Company, this city, and who attends to the office work of the company, left for Chicago on Friday of last week to visit Mr. L. M. French, of the John Church Company, who is his uncle. Young Braumuller will be away about three weeks, and his time will be devoted mostly to pleasure.

Although but a young man, he is taking an active interest in the workings of the Braumuller business and has earned a vacation by many months of hard work.

**Painter & Ewing.**

FOR a new concern starting business in a modest and unassuming way Painter & Ewing, of 1105 and 1107 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., have done remarkably well. Their idea has been from the first to place upon the market an instrument constructed honestly in every particular, with a tone satisfactory to musicians and music lovers, and one which could be sold at a medium price. This idea has been fully carried out.

This firm has pursued a conservative and careful course,

Conn., became the owner of the business of manufacturing piano hardware which has been carried on by Knapp & Cowles. In a short time the department will be removed to Cornwall & Patterson's factory and the business will be carried on there.

New piano and organ warerooms have been opened in Rockland, Me., by Warren Jones.

D. B. Sylvester, who conducted a music store in the city of Mexico, has sold his business to L. Vepas & Co.

The Galesville (Wis.) Piano and Organ Company recently suffered a loss by fire of \$1,250 worth of organs.

It is reported that a judgment for \$3,450 has been secured by Ford & Charlton against F. F. Ford, of Omaha, Neb.

The Peterboro Manufacturing Company, of Peterboro, N. H., manufacturers of piano stools, have been succeeded by G. W. Vinal.

L. Schieman & Co., of Seattle, Wash., dealers in pianos, organs and musical merchandise, are reported to have given a bill of sale.

Thompson & Leonard, Brockton, Mass., opened their new store, at 61 Main street, opposite the Enterprise office, Saturday evening, June 27.

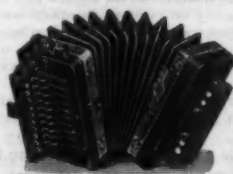
Charles F. Baer, of the banking firm of J. H. Baer & Sons, was elected a director of the Weaver Organ and Piano Company June 30.

Mr. Chas. H. Becht, of the Brambach Piano Company, started for Chicago on last Monday night.

George E. Bradneck, of the Jacksonville, Fla., branch of Ludden & Bates, is now in New York.

Peter Tapper, a manufacturer of pianos, at 30 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill., confessed judgment on Saturday, June 27, in favor of Wessell, Nickel & Gross for \$810. A deputy sheriff levied on Tapper's shop, but found

## A SENSATIONAL NOVELTY IN THE ACCORDEON



Branch is the invention of GUENTHER KOEHLER, in Germany. The body needs no longer brass tipplings on the corners, but is made out of ONE piece of leather, in accordance with Guenther's patented process. The corners are no longer sharp, but are rounded off and give a pleasing and elegant appearance, as well as an almost indestructible body, to the instrument, which was therefore named "THE INDESTRUCTIBLE HERCULES." The Guenther Koehler Accordions are most favorably known.



## More About the Resonator.

[From the British Edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER, June 11 issue.]

WHAT is the Piano Resonator? This question is being asked on all sides by those interested in music and musical instruments, and the purpose of this article is to answer it as fully as possible, giving our readers a description of the patent and some idea of its utility.

The device is simple enough, and the following explanation of our illustration should make it perfectly clear to anyone. It consists of a sheet of thin, soft steel, known as manganese, in which are cut a number of slits, the edges being turned up, giving them the form and character of gongs. The mode of attachment to an upright piano is

their elasticity and become dull through constant strain and atmospheric conditions.

This affects the lower harmonics more than it does the upper, and the piano becomes "tinny." It is true the hard sound is also partly due to the hammers being worn. This attachment supplies the elasticity that is lacking in the old sound board, and restores the "new" quality to the old tone.

Naturally, when pianists become aware of the advantages which the resonator give, they will insist on it being fixed to whatever instrument they may use, whether it be a Broadwood, Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, Pleyel, Ibach, Erard or any other make. The resonator accentuates the characteristic quality of tone, and thus the pianist who has

New Bond street. The architect has now been at work some days adapting them to the special requirements of the company, and the showrooms will open on the 25th inst. Mr. Daniel Mayer has been elected managing director, and with a large capital, a man of such wide experience at the head, and such a unique patent there can be no question as to the success of the enterprise. Pianos of the different manufacturers will be exhibited, with and without resonators, so that contrast will designate how much each will gain by the addition of this clever contrivance. A demand is thus certain to be created which manufacturers will have to meet. There is nothing now to deter all the different houses availing themselves of the undoubted benefits of this invention, and it is hoped that they will give their hearty co-operation. They can have the use of the resonators on all their pianos, or on as many as they wish, on payment of certain royalties.

The musical press, which has been rather slow to acknowledge its benefits, has recently given the resonator hearty endorsement. A leading critic, who has not hitherto been favorable to the Erard piano, gave it very high praise at the last Philharmonic concert, saying it was the most brilliant he had heard there this season.

The new company starts with the following testimonial from Mr. Mark Hambourg:

June 4, 1896.

Dear Mr. Mayer:

After the pleasure of playing on your piano last night at the Philharmonic, I again feel compelled to tell you of the wonderful improvement the resonator produces.

On a piano fitted with a resonator one is enabled to bring out every variety of tone, without its ever being harsh. This was formerly impossible to pianists.

Yours very truly, MARK HAMBURG.

The following is included in the latest Patent Office reports:

Resonator for Stringed Musical Instruments.—Daniel Mayer, London, England. Filed January 10, 1896. Serial No. 574,988.

Claim.—In a musical instrument, the combination with the soundboard of a resonator, strings extending between and connecting the soundboard and resonator, and fished or turned-up strips alternating with openings in the resonator.

## Then and Now.

SWEET Clarinda, blithe and fair,  
At her tinkling spinnet,  
Sat and sang some olden air  
Like a sweet voiced linnet.

Strangely thin the tones, and quaint  
Now would seem the spinnet;  
But Clarinda, like some saint,  
Wooded the muse within it.

Now Clarinda's daughter plays;  
But the old-time spinnet  
Is a thing of other days,  
And no longer "in it."

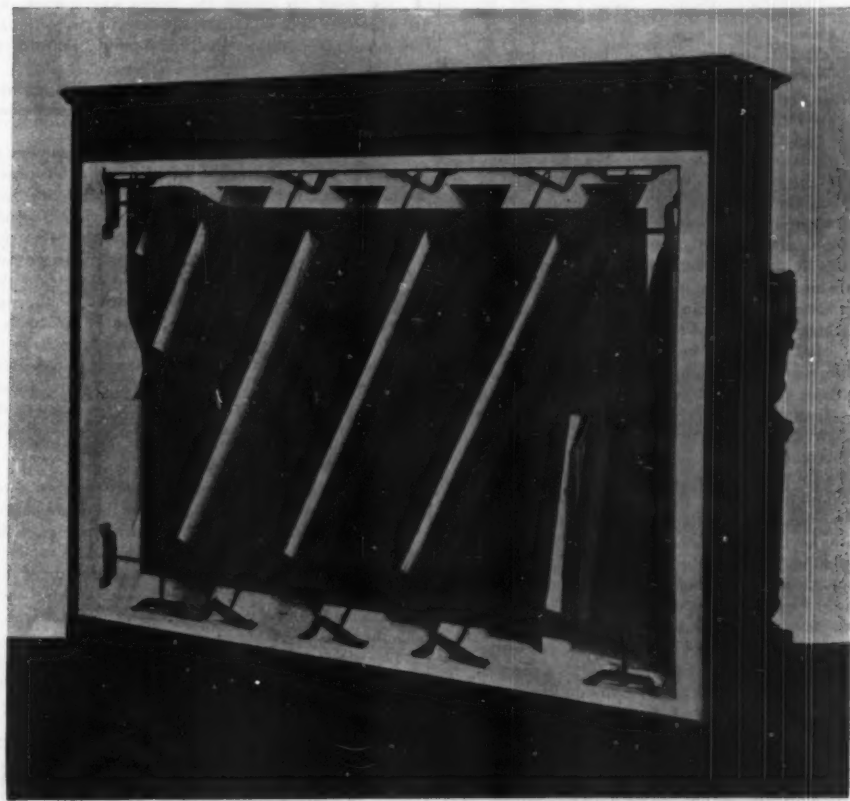
For the new "Crown" instrument  
Supersedes the spinnet,  
And is made by Geo. P. Bent.  
Fame takes worth to win it.

So the "Crown" make stands confessed,  
Not a cheap thing in it:  
Long live "Crowns," they are the best,  
Farewell, old-time spinnet.

Hamilton & Jenkins is the name of a new firm who have recently opened up a new business in Bramwell, W. Va.

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The partnership existing between Fred. W. Helbig and Mary Weiland, under the firm name of F. W. Helbig & Co., at 1742½ Seventh street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has been dissolved. Fred. W. Helbig will assume the responsibilities of the firm, and the business will be continued under his name.



UPRIGHT PIANO WITH RESONATOR ATTACHMENT.

seen here, and in the case of a grand the resonator is placed underneath and extends its entire length and breadth. It is fastened by means of patent clips to the case round the sides, and the gongs are attached to the soundboard by catgut strings.

Now the value of the resonator lies in the fact that it nearly doubles the resonating surface of the soundboard, through sympathetic vibration with it.

The tone of a piano would be almost inaudible without a soundboard, for no matter how violently the string vibrated it could not agitate many of the particles of air that communicate the vibrations to the ear. If instruments could produce only fundamental tones they would all sound alike, but these are practically never heard alone, but are accompanied by overtones or harmonics.

The more sensitive and elastic the soundboard, the more vigorously is the air shaken, and consequently the more value the tone has. The resonator is made of the most sensitive elastic material procurable, and its attachment to the soundboard reinforces the fundamental tone with its accompanying lower overtones, thereby making it fuller and richer. By adding to the volume of the lower harmonics the clashing between the true notes of the harmonics and the actual notes of our tempered scale is greatly hidden.

For instance, the note E, the tenth overtone from the lower C, is sharper than the same note E on the piano. The tempered scale on which our modern musical system is based is, as every musician knows, scientifically slightly incorrect. On a bad piano these overtones jar with the actual tones in a most unpleasant, jangling manner. The upper overtones are more disagreeable than the lower, because being farther from the fundamental they are more out of tune with the tempered scale. The resonator, as we have before said, reinforces the lower harmonics in particular.

The new resonator will be found of particular value in restoring old pianos the soundboards of which have lost

a preference for any particular piano will by means of its attachment find the timbre he admires greatly enhanced.

As regards old instruments, many professors of the voice and piano are teaching their pupils on an old one the tone of which has become seriously impoverished, and they are doing their pupils a great injury in allowing them to become accustomed to this poor quality. There will be no excuse for this hereafter, as, with a very small outlay, the tone of their piano can be resuscitated, and the lower harmonics, or richness of tone, restored.

The resonator up to the present time has been used principally on the pianos made by the house of Erard, although it has also been applied to pianos by other makers, and was found equally valuable in improving their instruments. In order to enable the different manufacturers to fix it to pianos of all sizes and shapes, a private syndicate has recently been organized, with a capital of £20,000, for the purpose of exploiting it in England and on the Continent, in fact all over the world with the exception of America. A separate company has been started to work it in the United States, also with a large capital.

The new concern has taken commodious premises at 33

## FACTORIES.

THE BALDWIN PIANO,  
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CATALOGUES FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.



### A Musical Museum.

ONE of the sights of the town of Barmen is the musical museum of the celebrated piano making firm Rud. Ibach Sohn, which, with its adjacent library, music room and music school, is always at the disposal of the friends of the house.

The collection of instruments exhibits the development of the piano down to the end of the last century, closing with a typical display of instruments down to the middle of this century, representing instruments constructed by the firm. A foreign department is rich in instruments from all countries, while another room contains rarities and curiosities not directly connected with the manufacture of pianos.

The museum has specimens of both groups of the oldest instruments, the clavichord and the clavichord. They seem to have appeared about the same time, but the former drove its rival out of the field, although here and there clavichords were constructed even in this century. The difference consisted in the method of setting the strings in vibration, the clavichord having an action with a leather tongue, the clavichord one with a metal tangent; the former has a fuller, stronger tone, but without any nuancing, while the latter was able to render piano and forte. The form of both instruments is usually that of the oblong piano, although the form of the grand piano is occasionally found. The instruments were movable, and were placed on a table or other support, and even when a stand was made for them they were separate from it; often, too, the strings and keyboard could be removed from the case. A small clavichord 88 centimetres long, 24 centimetres broad and 10 centimetres high, dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century, is a type of the simplest form. The case is ornamented with a religious painting; the instrument can still be played on. By the arrangement of the tangents each string could give out three consecutive tones, and this class of instruments was named *gebunden*, as distinguished from the *bundfreien*, where each key had its own string.

Another instrument of the same size has two sets of strings, an upper one tuned a fifth below the lower, and the characteristic addition of a box for a tuning hammer and a supply of strings. A *bundfrei* clavichord with white lower and black upper keys has a rosette cut in the sounding board, a tradition of the guitar probably. Other instruments are one by Donatus, of Leipsic (1700), of J. J. Hansen (1761), and a very interesting one in which the upper keys are divided, so as to differentiate F sharp and G flat, G sharp and A flat. The clavichord proper had the form of the grand piano, while the spinet retained the oblong shape. The museum contains a spinet by P. J. Braun (1796), and one of the compass of 3½ octaves, a clavichord in *flügel* form, with two rows of strings, one an octave lower than the other, and a beautiful toned one made in Florence (1689) of 3½ octaves. A spinet with a leather tongue, by Alessandro Riva, of Bergamo, is dated

1699. The most precious article in the museum is a virginal, a box with a pincushion on the top, 40 cm. long, 27 broad and 18 high, which when opened displays a keyboard. Although the smallest instrument in the collection, it surpasses in fullness and clearness of tone many of the large clavichords.

From a desire to unite the fullness of tone of the clavichord and the expression of nuance possible on the clavichord arose the invention of the hammer piano. In the early specimens the hammer remained touching the strings as long as the key was pressed down; the hammer was not covered with felt, and, of course, the frame was of wood. Many of the early ones, however, have two strings to each key. Among the numerous instruments in the museum are a square piano by H. Heyer and P. Heyer, of Amsterdam (1781), and a harp-shaped portable piano. The oldest Ibach piano, by Johannes A. Ibach (1825), contains six octaves and has still a good tone. A piano from the nursery of Santa Grata at Bergamo, has a German action. A so-called desk piano from Salzburg (1796) is a precursor of the present piano.

A very interesting instrument is one built by Joh. Georg Schenk, of Weimar (1800), formerly in the possession of the granddaughter of the poet Rückert. The keyboard is concealed in the case, and springs out by the means of a lever pressed by the knee, and the forte is produced by a pedal that raises or depresses the lid. This instrument had been used by the virtuoso J. W. Hummel. A square piano by W. C. Schiffer (1793) has an arrangement by which a key sets two hammers in motion, producing an octave. A three cornered piano by R. Schlimbach, of Königshofen (1803), stands by another smaller three cornered instrument which bears an inscription stating that Mozart gave lessons on it to his sister-in-law, Frau Lang. An interesting piano is one in which the bass and treble strings can be damped separately, and a square by J. R. Greiffenhagen (1802) which exhibits an early attempt to draw back the hammer.

To all these may be added a magnificently decorated grand by J. Broadwood & Son, London; a grand by Erard, of Paris, 1827; a Viennese grand, once used by Nanette Streicher, the wife of Schiller's friend, with five pedals. The first piano of Rud. Ibach Sohn dates from 1839. A piano by Pape, of Paris (1849), has the hammers striking downward, and a pianino by Rud. Ibach Sohn has a chromatic keyboard, invented by Hahn, of Königsberg. Another pianino built by Rud. Ibach Sohn in the forties has a transposing arrangement. A number of uprights, lyre or giraffe grands, seem to have been an attempt to set a grand on end for want of room, and to them can be traced the modern pianino. Among the curiosities are attempts to make the square piano useful as a piece of furniture. A very elegant table (1840) shows a keyboard when a leaf is lifted up; this was made by F. Mathusek, of Worms. The most surprising thing is a toilet piano (1797) of four octaves, with pincushions, rouge boxes, powder puffs, combs and needles on each side and above the keyboard. An astronomical clock with flute mechanism (J. H. V. Sander, 1801) can either play automatically or be played with a keyboard, the clock mechanism supplying the wind.

The union of other instruments with the piano is nothing new. The museum has an organ piano (1797) and a harp piano (1821), the latter being a harp with a keyboard. A quatuor piano by Baudet, of Paris, has two gigantic pedals which set in motion a cylinder running over bristles. The tone is peculiar, somewhat like the cello. The hall devoted to foreign products contains Japanese, Indian, African and Chinese instruments, hand pianos from the Cameroons, and the instruments of the medicine man and other barbarous devices. The museum is little known, but access to it is granted freely to all who desire to view its treasures.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
236 Wabash Avenue, July 4, 1896.

TO-DAY being the glorious "Fourth," everything is closed up, except the stores where fireworks and fire water are kept on tap for the delectation of the ubiquitous small boy and the equally ubiquitous army of thirsty mortals.

The city is already beginning to be crowded with the delegates to the convention, which begins its session next Tuesday.

Notwithstanding all the excitement consequent on the dubious political aspect there is still some business being done; but whether by the thinking or unthinking people, or by those who are indifferent to the prevailing conditions, it is hard to determine. It may be that the great majority of the people take for granted the fact that we must recover from the business depression some time in the near future, and there certainly is consolation in the fact that though the Chicago convention, which is not likely to adhere to Democratic precedent and thus forfeit the right to be called a Democratic convention, may put a free-silver plank in its platform, the country will still do business under a solid money basis, and the mere ipse dixit of the coming convention will not change it.

### Pitch.

We know that there are many manufacturers of both the high grade piano and the instrument of more modest pretensions who are paying strict attention to the pitch. There are some, however, whose pianos are admirable in many respects, who pay no attention to the question of pitch, but still retain the old concert pitch, thus making them very ungrateful to musicians and musical families who wish to use them for ensemble or accompaniments.

We would like to urge on them the fact that it is no cranky notion, but that the high pitch is at once an annoyance and a nuisance. The international pitch has now been adopted by the leading orchestras and by the New

### Agents Delighted.

"Our agents are delighted with your actions." "The pinning is done with nicety." "No sticky action since using yours."

The above are extracts from a letter recently received from a prominent manufacturer commending the **Roth & Engelhardt** Actions. Made at St. Johnsville, N. Y.

The M. Steinert & Sons Co., the great New England firm of piano dealers, has recently taken the BRAUMULLER PIANO for its extensive territory.

The Jesse French Piano and Organ Co., the great Southwestern piano house has sold the BRAUMULLER PIANO for years and recommends them. What is satisfactory to such leading concerns should be to any dealer. Call on us and examine the

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Have been made and sold.

Need more be said?

J. & C. FISCHER,

110 Fifth Ave., Cor. 16th St.,

New York City.



York Piano Manufacturers' Association; why should any manufacturer slight their wishes?

#### Dissolved and Reorganized.

The new concern of Howe, Hahn & Co. has already dissolved, Mr. Farrell, who is the principal party in interest, being dissatisfied with the ideas of Mr. Hahn. It was Mr. Hahn who suggested stencilling a piano "Decker Piano Company," but as they have only had two pianos thus stencilled, only one of which being sold and the other one having been changed, we did not think it worth while to make a great hullabaloo about so small a matter. Mr. T. H. Farrell will run the business under his own name and Mr. Howe will remain in the concern. It is only just to the manufacturer, who is new in the business, to say that as soon as he found out that the name was more or less of an infringement on two reputable concerns in the East he refused to use it.

#### The Root Concert.

To-day is the day for the two great concerts to be given at the Coliseum, and the promoters hope to realize in the neighborhood of \$15,000 for the benefit of the Root Monument Association. There are to be two monster concerts—one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. The afternoon oration is to be given by Luther Laffin Mills, and the evening speech by Gen. Clark E. Carr, ex-United States Minister to Denmark. There is to be a choir of 1,500 children and an adult chorus of 1,000. The Second Regiment band will take part, and solos will be sung by noted singers, including our assistant postmaster, Mr. John M. Hubbard. We have met one man who came all the way from New York to attend the affair, and it bids fair to be a great success.

#### Incorporated.

The American Cabinet Organ Company, with H. Faber, Joseph Dobbs and Thomas D. Steward as incorporators and capital stock published as placed at \$1,500. This concern was mentioned in our last issue, and spoken of in a still earlier one, but the capital stock was stated to be \$15,000, and as the latter figure was given in our office by Mr. Dobbs we have reason to believe it to be the correct one.

#### Moved.

Messrs. E. T. Root & Son have moved from 233 State street to 307 Wabash avenue, where they have a loft of generous proportions some 40x160 feet. This is in the same building with Howard W. Foote & Co., about opposite the Auditorium.

#### Personals.

Mr. Geo. Nembach, of Geo. Steck & Co., of New York, was one of our visitors.

Mr. Lew. Clement, of the Ann Arbor Organ Company, has been in town several days. He is accompanied by Mrs. Clement and children and will return via lake to Detroit for a pleasure trip.

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Musical,  
Durable,  
Trustworthy,  
Attractive,  
Profitable.

Weaver Organ and Piano Co.,  
YORK, PA.



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
17 Beacon street, July 3, 1896.

**I**NQUIRY among the trade shows that the majority of the dealers and manufacturers will spend "the Fourth" at home.

Mr. Henry L. Mason, of Mason & Hamlin, goes off on a fishing excursion, to be gone three days.

Mr. S. A. Gould left on Thursday afternoon for his cottage at Pleasant Beach, Me.

Mr. E. N. Kimball, with Mrs. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Kimball, Jr., and a large party are going up in the mountains of New Hampshire for "over the Fourth."

Mr. O. A. Kimball, of the Emerson Piano Company, has been in Syracuse several days during the week.

In speaking of the award of diplomas from the Exposition, Chicago, 1893, the *Boston Herald* recently said:

The Hallet & Davis Piano Company, of Boston, have received their award and medal for their latest victory at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, where they received an award and diploma and special mention for "specific advancement in the art," and the diploma and medal are now on exhibition in the window of their Boston warerooms, 179 Tremont street.

This firm, one of the oldest and best known piano companies in the United States, was established in 1839, and began almost immediately with exhibiting its pianos at well-known exhibitions and fairs, and has always been victorious. Among its first awards, diplomas and medals was one from the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association in 1847.

Then by the same association in 1893 the different makes of pianos were tested for quality of tone by competent musicians, with the keyboard and name of maker covered, and the Hallet & Davis was awarded the highest honors. The principal judge on this occasion was Jonas Chickering, of the Chickering & Sons Piano Company. Hardly a year goes by but what they are victorious at some exposition.

Mr. Poole, of the Poole Piano Company, says that it may sound a little strange to hear anyone say that trade is not dull; in fact he thinks it must be, judging from reports, but from the orders which he has received this week it would indicate that trade must be starting up again in some sections, as in the last two days the mail has brought him orders for 11 pianos.

The new style '96 is a great seller. Those of the trade who have not yet seen it would be looking after their own interests if they should examine it at the first opportunity, as the dealers who have it report that it is the best to sell.

Norris & Hyde have sold one of their transposing keyboard pianos to the Lakeside Hotel, Weirs, N. H.

Weirs is one of the best known of the many summer places in New England. There are large camp meetings held there during the season and the militia of New Eng-

land have large grounds there with groves, houses, barracks, everything to make a summer encampment pleasant.

Another testimonial just received by the New England Piano Company:

BOSTON, Mass., July 2, 1896.

New England Piano Company:

GENTLEMEN—During my engagement with the Old Homestead Quartet I have seen and heard many pianos of varying degrees of musical excellence. I have found no piano to surpass or equal the New England grand piano for touch, tone, or durability. The sympathetic "singing quality" of tone is especially adapted as an accompaniment for the human voice.

Wishing you continued success, I am,  
Very truly yours,  
THOMAS E. CLIFFORD,  
Baritone Soloist.

Mr. George T. McLaughlin leaves on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock for Chicago to attend the Democratic Convention.

Mr. Dana G. Prescott, secretary of the Prescott Piano Company, of Concord, N. H., was in town on Friday. He says that they are quite settled in the new factory they purchased immediately after the fire, and will begin to ship pianos again next week.

Mr. P. J. Gildemeester spent Friday in town, returning to New York in the afternoon.

Mr. C. A. Pitman, of Haverhill, Mass., is on a fishing trip to the Rangely Lakes in Maine.

Mr. Robert L. Loud, of Buffalo, N. Y., visited the city during the early part of the week.

—Cressey, Jones & Allen, of Portland, Me., will soon occupy their new store, which is just double the size of the present one. It is 40 feet front, 100 feet deep, and will be one of the largest piano warerooms in eastern New England.

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Deserving of special mention are the Kaiser Tuba, Corsopran, Baroxyton and Euphonium.

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and many others, but we deem it unnecessary to do so, as the public is well aware of the superior merits of the MARTIN GUITARS. Parties have in vain tried to imitate them, not only here in the United States, but also in Europe. They still stand this day without a rival, notwithstanding all attempts to puff up inferior and unreliable guitars.

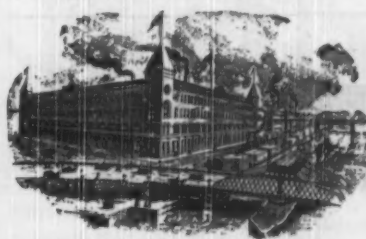
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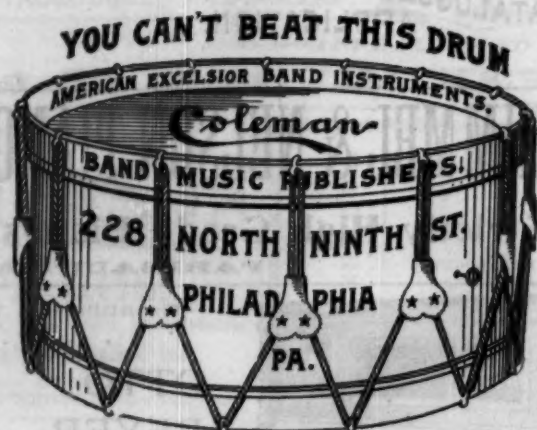
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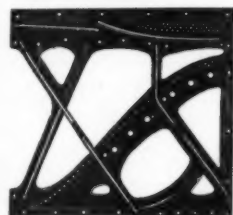
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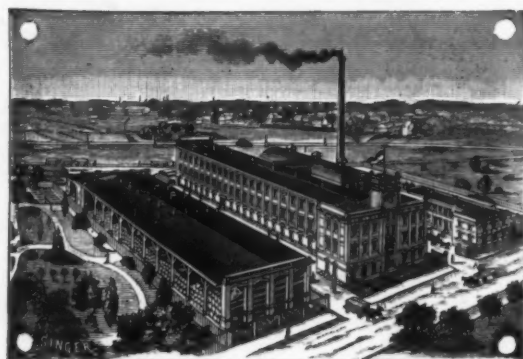
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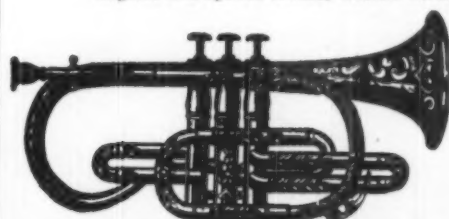
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